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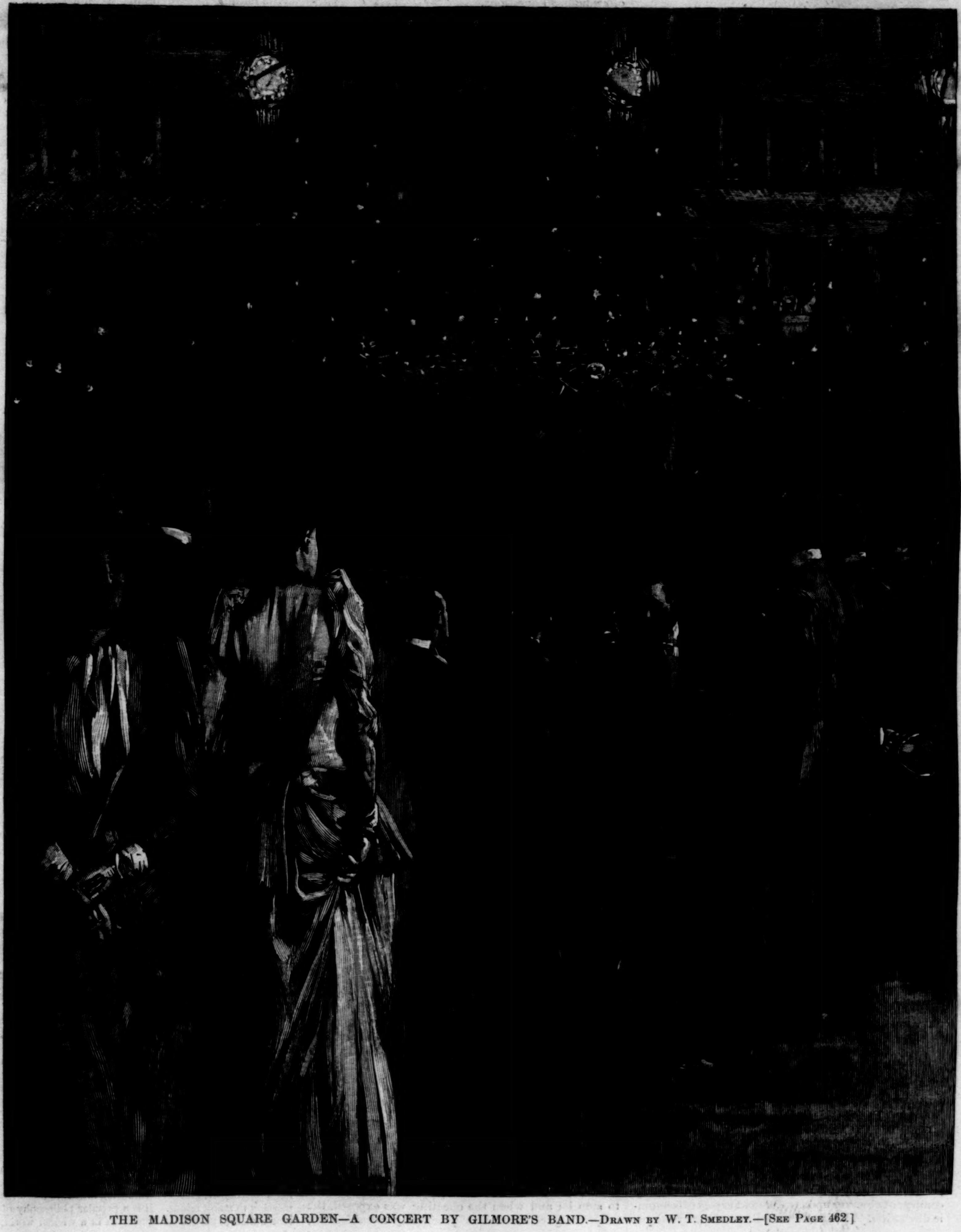

THE MADISON SQUARE GARDEN—A CONCERT BY GILMORE'S BAND.—Drawn by W. T. Smedley.—[See Page 462.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY,
No. 1800.

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MIDSUMMER POLITICS.

THE Charleston *News and Courier*, which expresses probably the general Democratic sentiment in the Southern States, says that "the next Presidential fight must be by the Democratic party and on the issue of tariff reform, or it will be a losing fight for that party.... If we make free silver the principal plank in our platform, we will be whipped in the fight, as we ought to be whipped." It holds, therefore, that Mr. Cleveland is the only Democrat who can lead the party to success. Meanwhile the growth of the Farmers' Alliance, and the feeling which is manifested by the formation of the third party and by the Western political situation, confuse all political speculation and forecast. The real issues of campaigns are not determined by leaders or conventions, and all that is plainly visible now is the want of unity in both the old party camps. If the sole question were that of the tariff, the situation would be simple. But the financial question in other aspects interests a very large number of voters much more than the tariff. At the West the currency is an issue more interesting and important. Moreover, those who hold what in this part of the country are called sound views in regard to currency differ in regard to a full supply of money, and shrewd and competent observers discern a decided change of opinion in favor of a larger supply.

That is to say, there are public questions of immediate and vital importance upon which the two great parties have taken no definite position, yet which interest profoundly voters enough to decide the election. The fact that neither party pronounces upon them strongly and aggressively shows how large is the vote which they influence, and which undoubtedly grows constantly larger. The fact must be also considered that the tariff is not a question like slavery, of a kind which permits no pause in its agitation. The natural conservatism of business inclines to give a practical trial to every tentative change in a system which it is not proposed radically to abolish. As an issue in politics the tariff is a question of degree. The contest is not joined between free-trade and protection, but between higher and lower duties. The general principle upon which they are laid is, indeed, involved. But to the public at large it is a problem of prices, and that admits and even invites observation and delay, which in a question of morals is inadmissible. It does not follow, therefore, although it may be probable, that because the tariff was the paramount interest in the election of 1888, it will be so under the changed conditions of 1892. It is impossible to anticipate the public sense of the relative importance of other questions.

The election of this year in Ohio will undoubtedly throw much light on the probabilities of next year's general contest. If Mr. McKinley should be nominated by the Republicans and elected upon the platform of his own tariff, the result would go far to settle the main Republican issue of next year and the Democratic nomination of Mr. Cleveland for the Presidency. If it were evident that the issue was to be tariff reform, the Democratic refusal to nominate Mr. Cleveland would be a surrender in advance. So long as Mr. Cleveland was available, to abandon him would be the abandonment of the cause of which he is the distinctive representative. Mr. McKinley's nomination and election as Governor of Ohio by a decided majority, upon the issue of which he is equally the Republican representative, ought to make him the Republican Presidential candidate. Mr. Blaine's health, we presume, would be unequal to the rigors of a national campaign, and with the McKinley tariff as the platform its author would arouse a personal feeling which the President could not inspire. But if Mr. McKinley should be nominated in Ohio and defeated, tariff revision would seem to the Democrats to be the winning national issue, and again Mr. Cleveland would be the natural candidate of the Democratic party.

ECONOMIC DISCUSSION.

President Francis A. Walker, of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, delivered, last winter, an address, which is just published, before the American Economic Association, of which he is also president, in which he expresses the views of a very competent observer upon the present aspect of economic discussion. The interest in all economic questions, he thinks, has greatly increased within a few years, and a passion has been developed for the investigation of all social problems, stimulated by almost angry impatience with the social situation. To this he attributes the extraordinary access of the pseudo-socialism known as nationalism, which seriously alarms many intelligent persons. But Mr. Walker finds no cause for alarm. The phenomenon is the result of a sudden interest in industrial subjects by intelligent persons who, however, have more zeal than knowledge. But their intelligence is the guarantee of their ultimate soundness of view as they come to understand economic laws. Political economy has suffered, especially in the United States, from public indifference. The experts have had it all their own way, because there were few competent critics. But the awakening interest is making every man and every woman an economist, and no questions now take precedence of economical questions.

Mr. Walker thinks many of our leading economists, if not the whole "orthodox" body of them, largely responsible for wild social speculation, because of their unwillingness to deal directly with human nature, and to admit any modification of the doctrine of *laissez faire*, or extreme individualism. Another reason for such speculation he finds in the optimism naturally bred by the marvellous extension of inventions, and by the growth of popular education and the political franchise. So much has been done, and so rapidly, for amelioration of the human condition, why cannot everything soon be done? A third reason for nationalistic or socialistic speculation Mr. Walker finds in the overwhelming absorption in multiform humane activities, and the consequent reaction from such nervous strain and excitement. To such tension the prospect of social and industrial irresponsibility is full of soothing repose. After a fair statement of the single-tax scheme, President Walker says that economists now apparently tend to the opinion that more economic rent might be brought into the public treasury without touching the principle of private ownership of land or violating that of compensation to private owners, while politicians think such a course hopeless, because of impatience of direct taxation.

In regard to the currency, President Walker is of opinion that American economic thinking has been nowhere so loose as upon the questions of the "money-function and the money-thing," mistakenly insisting that inconvertible notes are not money at all, instead of bad money. It is because the professional analysis of the money function has been utterly discredited that the conservative force to restrain the nation from excess upon the subject is almost wholly wanting. The remarks of the address upon the problem of immigration state the case very strongly. The details of the methods of the steamship companies in organizing and facilitating the coming of the least prosperous, thrifty, and desirable people in Europe are plainly described. "We are now draining off great stagnant pools of population which no current of intellectual or moral activity has stirred for ages. Thousands and hundreds of thousands of those who represent the very lowest stage of degradation to which human beings can be reduced by hopelessness, hunger, squalor, and superstition are found among the new citizens whom the last decade has brought into the republic." In the opinion of Mr. Walker, who is a careful and accomplished student of the subject, such elements cannot be assimilated by us for generations. He says truly that there is no more important question, and none to the full consideration of which the Economic Association could more wisely address itself. The Fourth of July is at hand, and an immense body of the population of this city do not know what it commemorates. But patriotic traditions are an integral part of the sentiment of nationality. Free institutions are not perpetuated by a large population, but by a people who comprehend them. The address states temperately, candidly, and with knowledge some of the most important questions which now confront the country, and shows how essentially the issues of politics have changed.

A BAR SINISTER.

The central figure of the baccarat trial was not the unhappy Colonel Gordon-Cumming, but the Prince of Wales. Colonel Cumming's position, indeed, was extraordinary. It was incredible that for a few pounds a gallant officer in the army, a member of clubs, and a man of what is called in England the best social standing, should sacrifice his honor, and if not life itself, yet everything that made life desirable to such a man. It was not easily conceivable. But it was the glimpse of the part played in the affair by the Prince of Wales which commanded universal attention. This man of mature age, who will be presently King of England, goes to a country house with the implements of a gambling game, insists upon gambling with a circle of young men against the expressed wishes of his host, and although one of the party was plainly seen to cheat, the game went on because the Prince desired to play, and nobody dared to stop it; and when the cheating was exposed, the culprit signed what was practically a confession, upon the understanding that everything was to be hushed up. And all this lest some scandal should befall the Prince of Wales. Sir Edward Clark, the counsel of Colonel Cumming, may have been very petulant, and unable to make head against a stream of fatal evidence. But the answer to his question as to the ownership of the baccarat counters, and his declaration that if Colonel Cumming were dismissed from the army the Prince of Wales could not remain, shook the British monarchy.

After the facts were fully in evidence, and the Prince was revealed as the chief of the precious circle at Tranby Croft, there was something exceedingly grotesque in the spectacle of his entrance into the court-room, and the respectful rising to honor him of the entire assembly, and the deferential salutation to him of the Lord Chief Justice of England. Mr. Sullivan's comic opera was outdone. *Pinafore* shows nothing more delightful than a possible scene representing the Prince bagging his baccarat counters after the signing of the agreement to hush up the cheating, then passing to the highest seat of English justice, graciously acknowledging the homage of his loyal lieges. If Englishmen understand how such a spectacle strikes intelligent people elsewhere, and especially in this country, they will be less disposed to comment upon the vulgarity of democratic manners. It is not the Wilsons who are responsible for this national shame. It is not democracy which is exposed by the late trial, nor is it merely this or that individual. It is a condition of society.

The official position of the Prince, as we said last week, is most trying. He is strictly a mere figure-head. But as an Englishman, at least in his representative character, he might be supposed to have some pride in being a fitting figure-head for a great nation. He might at least desire to win for himself the title which the Laureate applied to his father—"blameless." He might resolve that if England made him the crowned head of the empire, he would not make England ashamed. He might strengthen the system of which he is the nominal chief by an honorable and respectable life. It is hardly supposable that if he had accurately comprehended the situation in which he stood he could have appeared every day in court. It will be said, of course, that a great fuss is made about a game of cards, which is a very usual incident, and that it may be the misfortune of any innocent player to be at table with a cheat. If that were all, there would be little to say. But a great deal is said, and much more is thought, because it is not all. The other day there was some absurd conduct reported in the Illinois Legislature. It was discreditable, and the offending legislators may be dismissed at the polls. But when your future King discredits himself and the kingdom, he cannot be dismissed at the polls.

THE SEALS PROTECTED.

The President is said to disapprove the project of an investigation of the actual facts in regard to the seal fishery by a joint English and American commission. But he made ready in the most friendly manner to facilitate the close season as soon as the British law upon the subject should be passed, and it is not easy to understand his unwillingness to co-operate in the proposed inquiry. A statement of facts in which both governments should agree would be of the highest service, and would certainly facilitate a satisfactory result of the arbitration.

A letter in the *Times* states that it was on the 3d of April that Mr. Blaine proposed to stop sealing on the islands this year if Lord Salisbury would stop it in the Bering Sea, and he also said at the same time that he preferred the proposal should be made by Lord Salisbury. On the 11th of April the proposal was made, accordingly, and reached Mr. Blaine on the 20th of April. The permission for the North American Company to kill 60,000 seals was made out on the 12th of April. There was certainly no remarkable delay on the part of the English government which should have encouraged the supposition that it might not agree to a close season.

Having reached the amicable point of arbitration, there should be no hesitation about a joint investigation. Both countries have agreed that the whole question shall now be adjusted in a friendly spirit and with full knowledge. This conclusion becomes the two great English-speaking powers, and the good sense of both ought to be able always to compel such a settlement of every difference.

SIR JOHN MACDONALD.

The profound impression produced by the death of Sir John Macdonald, the universal public mourning on the day of his funeral, and the beginning of a general popular subscription to erect a memorial of his great services are unprecedented. We believe, in the annals of Canada, no Canadian has been so distinguished and so mourned. Yet it is agreed, as was said in London, that he was not exactly a great man, although he did great things. Indeed, the general impression of the statesman and his career is much like that of the character and career of Lord Beaconsfield, whom he was said strongly personally to resemble. It was that of a clever, shifty, unscrupulous politician.

But in both men the personal charm was great. Even the audacity of Disraeli—his "cheek," of which Froude, his latest biographer, gives some amusing illustrations—was very pleasing to many minds. It is a popular philosophy of life that a man must not be squeamish in a wicked world, but make people take him at his own valuation. To be upright is, in this view, to be goody-goody, and strict honesty is a Sunday-school virtue. Both in Lord BEACONSFIELD and Sir JOHN MACDONALD the immediate success of their careers—a success achieved by adroit doubling—was very dazzling, but in both it was only a brilliant makeshift.

Statesmanship, we are told, is conformity to circumstances, not to principles. It deals with adjustments and compromises. Doubtless in things that can be compromised. But FROUDE admits that nothing at which DISRAELI aimed was achieved except his own renown. Is it not also felt, now that Sir JOHN is gone, that nothing will survive except his name? He was true to the empire, says Lord SALISBURY. But as he dies, is it not the universal feeling that the imperial bond is more relaxed than ever? However that may be, it is certain that he leaves no successor, and that in Canada his name will long survive.

MUSIC IN AMERICA.

THE president of the National Conservatory of Music, Mrs. JEANNETTE M. THURBER, has procured its national incorporation, and is indefatigable in promoting its interests. Its objects are the advancement of music in the United States through the development of American talent. The course of instruction, besides playing upon all the more familiar instruments, includes singing, elocution, stage deportment, fencing and Italian, harmony, counterpoint and composition, and history of music. Instruction is given free to students whose talent and circumstances warrant it. Successful candidates for admission will have the advantage of the best instructors, and after graduation will have the opportunity of making known their accomplishments in order to secure engagements.

The teachers are generally Europeans, as our music-teachers have been from the beginning, and the school is mainly supported by the liberal contributions of a few persons. Such an institution must be very serviceable to Americans who have a strong taste and talent for music, and who are unable to cross the sea. But of course a great talent cannot content itself in a country remote from that in which musical art is a tradition, and where facilities of instruction are offered under conditions that do not and cannot exist elsewhere.

When JENNY LIND was already a *prima donna assoluta*, and held Sweden captive, she knew, with the instinct of a great artist, that much was yet wanting which Sweden could not give, and she went to Paris to hear from the greatest living master of singing that she must begin again. So no American painter can feel that he is fully instructed until he has seen the Louvre, the Dresden Gallery, and the pictures of Italy and Spain. But this surely is only a reason for the most diligent preliminary study at home to train both his talent and his judgment. It is equally true of the student of music, and Mrs. THURBER's unwearied efforts deserve the grateful recognition of every lover of music.

THE TERRIBLE OLD STORY.

HAITI seems doomed to factional fury and terror. For a century it has been the scene of bloody revolutions, with a certain grotesque parody of civilized government. But its sole contribution to history or to the general interest of mankind is the character and career of TOUISSANT L'OUVERTURE. He is commemorated as a strikingly heroic figure in Miss MARTINEAU's tale of *The Hour and the Man*, in WENDELL PHILLIPS's glowing eulogy, and in WORDSWORTH's sonnet. His death was one of the crimes of NAPOLEON.

The latest incident in the annals of the unhappy island is but a repetition of its bloody story. It might have occurred in 1791, for the intervening century seems not to have wrought any essential change. A few months since President LÉGITIME was defeated by General HIPPOLYTE, who made himself President and Dictator, and has ruled ever since. On the late feast of Corpus Christi he was attending the religious ceremony at the cathedral, when he was told of an insurrection and an assault upon the jail to release political prisoners. The garrison at Port-au-Prince was near the cathedral, and was despatched promptly by HIPPOLYTE to quell the disturbance. A battle in the streets followed, and the troops of HIPPOLYTE carried the day. Then came the old story of the French terror—a proclamation of Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity accompanied by the most bloody butchery. If the reports are even partially true, nothing could be more brutal and monstrous. A respectable merchant was sitting on the balcony of his house, and having denied the charge of HIPPOLYTE that he was concealing arms, the Dictator, said, curtly to his soldiers, "Take him to the court-yard," and he was instantly shot. His nephew is alleged to have been overheard by a spy to call the crime an assassination, and refusing to deny that he said it, the Dictator said, simply, "Shoot him," and the youth was instantly dragged out and killed.

It is curious that we should maintain grave diplomatic relations with such a barbarous parody of a republic, and it is not surprising that Mr. FREDERICK DOUGLASS, our minister, is said to intend to resign his post and return. His residence in such a country must be doubly painful to him as a hideous caricature of free government and as an apparent monument of the political incapacity of the colored race. Tropical republics are but names. There is no essential difference between the personal tyranny of a man who calls himself Emperor, like SOULOUQUE, and one who, like HIPPOLYTE, calls himself President. Nothing could be more different than the savage license of the tropics and the self-restrained liberty of the temperate zone. To the islands of the Gulf of Mexico and to its shores civilization and the higher interests of the human race are little indebted. HIPPOLYTE will hold on with his bloody hand until another hand, bloodier and stronger, overthrows him.

THE PROPOSED STATUE OF MRS. SCHUYLER.

WE have already spoken of the extraordinary movement, against the wishes of the family of the late Mrs. GEORGE L. SCHUYLER, to place a statue of her in the Chicago Exhibition of 1893. Mr. PHILIP SCHUYLER, the representative of the family, and on its behalf, addressed a letter to Mrs. THOMPSON, the president of the "Woman's Memorial Fund Association," which he handed to Miss DONLEVY, the secretary, who declined to give Mrs. THOMPSON's address, asking that it should be delivered to Mrs. THOMPSON. In a letter to the press Mr. SCHUYLER says:

> "Ten days have passed, and as I have received no reply or direct acknowledgment of any kind from Mrs. THOMPSON, I now wish to make public the request of the family of the late Mrs. GEORGE L. SCHUYLER (MARY MORRIS HAMILTON) that the unauthorized project of erecting a statue of her, and of placing the same at the Columbian Exposition of 1893, as projected by this 'Woman's Memorial Fund Association,' be abandoned; and in view of the publicity that has been given to this project throughout the country, I shall esteem it a favor if you will have my letter to Mrs. THOMPSON published in full. PHILIP SCHUYLER.
>
> "NEW YORK, *June* 8, 1891."
>
> [Copy.]
>
> "18 WASHINGTON SQUARE, NEW YORK, *May* 27, 1891.
>
> "*Mrs. Elizabeth Thompson, President Woman's Memorial Fund Association:*
>
> "DEAR MADAM,—I have heard for the first time yesterday of the proposal of your association to erect a life-size statue of the late Mrs. GEORGE L. SCHUYLER (MARY MORRIS HAMILTON), to be sent to the World's Fair, as representing the 'typical philanthropist'; and that committees are being formed throughout the country, and money is being solicited to carry out this project.
>
> "Had the family of Mrs. SCHUYLER, whom I represent, been consulted, or even had the attention of any one of them been drawn to the matter, we should certainly have protested at the beginning against any such use of her name in this connection.
>
> "Mrs. SCHUYLER, though taking her share with others in the philanthropic work of her day, is in no sense 'the typical philanthropist'; and to place her in such a position is to invite public criticism of a sort which has already been made in the press.
>
> "In behalf of her family, whose sentiment on this subject is conveyed in this letter, I respectfully request that the project, so far as she is concerned, be abandoned.
>
> "I shall be obliged for a prompt acknowledgment of this letter, and for as early a reply as may be possible.
>
> "Very truly yours, PHILIP SCHUYLER."

Those who knew the late Mrs. SCHUYLER are aware of the entire truthfulness of this statement. Like many other admirable women of to-day, she took "her share with others" in the good work of charity. But she was not—like Miss DIX, for instance—"the typical philanthropist" which the proposed statue contemplates. It is to be hoped that the press will aid the family of Mrs. SCHUYLER in making known their strong feeling upon the subject.

MR. QUAY AND MR. WANAMAKER.

IT is certainly disagreeable that a Republican Senator from Pennsylvania, MATTHEW QUAY, and the Republican Postmaster-General from Pennsylvania, JOHN WANAMAKER, should be obliged to explain very curious facts which apparently implicate them in pecuniary irregularities. That Mr. QUAY has not explained his action satisfactorily is evident not only from the fact that his statement in the Senate made no impression upon the country, and was not even mentioned by his party colleagues in the Chamber, but by the plain request of Republican papers that he would withdraw from the chairmanship of the National Committee.

Mr. WANAMAKER's position has been unfortunate from the moment of his appointment. He was wholly unknown to public political life, and the only reason known to the country for placing him in one of the great executive offices as an adviser of the President was that he had raised an enormous sum of money, alleged to be four hundred thousand dollars, which he paid over to Mr. QUAY, with no questions asked and no vouchers for expenditure, to promote the election of President HARRISON. The fact that Mr. WANAMAKER is the superintendent of a Sunday-school does not explain such transactions.

The account of his connection with the crooked financial affairs recently exposed in Philadelphia is contained in a document which he read to the investigating committee. It is a complete denial of every charge, and he represents his conduct as perfectly fair throughout. There is, however, no trial proceeding. There would be no disposition whatever to associate the Postmaster-General's name with questionable transactions except for the extraordinary circumstances which attended his entry into the cabinet, and certain incidents in connection with Civil Service Commissioner ROOSEVELT. But an administration and a party are seriously impaired even by the suspicion of scandals.

A UNIQUE EXHIBITION.

AN exceedingly interesting and unique exhibition has just closed in Boston, which, we are glad to know, will be presented to the attention of New-Yorkers in the autumn. It went, indeed, from this neighborhood to Boston, for it is the property of the Department of Geography of the Brooklyn Institute, and consists of what we believe is the completest collection in the world of the various appliances now used in the best geographical instruction, both in this country and elsewhere. The United States and nine countries of Europe are represented in the collection, and most of them by a great variety of their geographical publications and manufactures, and always the best.

The collection embraces 250 maps, about 50 globes and tellurians, as many relief maps and models, nearly 150 atlases, and a large number of charts, pictures, text-books, and guide-books. It is in no sense whatever an advertisement of any person, house, or interest. The copious catalogue, by its mention of innumerable authors, inventors, and publishers, gives to each one the credit to which the observer and student may think him entitled. It advertises as a library advertises, or an exhibition of pictures. But the Institute is not an advertising agency, and no visitor to the exhibition need apprehend that in any manner, however ingenious, he is the victim of a false pretence.

The object of the exhibition is that of the Institute itself, namely, public instruction. The display, indeed, will be to the larger part of the visitors a remarkable revelation of the methods and facilities by which geography is now taught. Necessarily, also, it invites a comparison of the excellence of American maps, globes, and models with European. For some reason, however, American publishers have responded to the invitation of the Institute less fully than the European. Later, when the exhibition is opened here, we shall take great pleasure in alluding to it more in detail.

PERSONAL.

M. JULIAN, one of the most famous, if not the most famous, of the art teachers in Paris, has seventeen studios and some six hundred men and women students. His first student, before he had won fame, was a hunchback, and he thinks that this brought him luck.

—It is regarded by scoffers as a rather untheosophistical fact that Mrs. ANNIE BESANT, who was on a steamer in mid-ocean when Madame BLAVATSKY died, never heard of the important event till she reached dry land, and had recourse to the ordinary means of communication. Such an opportunity for astral projection or Mahatmic vindication, they seem to think, should not have been neglected.

—The man who objects to long sermons will sympathize with a recent order of Emperor WILLIAM restricting the length of discourses preached by the German court chaplains to fifteen minutes.

—It is not generally known that our government has gone into the stock-breeding business, although Uncle "JERRY" RUSK's ambitions in various directions are understood to be limited by the despotic wire fence of appropriation only. Now, however, the Interior Department wishes to establish a station for raising reindeer on St. Lawrence Island, in the Bering Sea, and Captain C. A. CURTIS, of Madison, Wisconsin, is asked to take charge of it. It is hoped that the reindeer may eventually take the place of dogs in drawing sledges.

—The marriage of Colonel MONTGOMERY, of the British army, to Miss PONSONBY, daughter of Sir HENRY PONSONBY, in London during the latter part of this month, will be made notable by the presence of Queen VICTORIA, who has not attended a wedding outside of her family since the death of the Prince Consort. Her desire to show her regard for Sir HENRY leads her to depart from her usual custom.

—HENRY IRVING's two sons will follow the example of their distinguished father, and go upon the stage.

—The tenderness of heart of England's Grand Old Man was shown the other day, when he ordered marble stones to be placed over five little graves in the cemetery at Waverly, Ohio. They are to mark the resting-places of five GLADSTONE children, who were relatives of the great ex-Premier, and were carried off by an epidemic of diphtheria in 1862.

—Professor W. K. BROOKS, of Johns Hopkins University, who has just published a monograph on the oyster, probably knows more about this favorite bivalve and its habits than any one else in this country. He has made a special study of his subject in five different States, and has spent much time wading about in the Chesapeake to form a more intimate acquaintance with the shell-fish.

—RUFUS PERRY, Jun., the Commencement orator of the law class of the University of the City of New York, is the son of a Brooklyn colored clergyman of the same name.

—The young Chinese Emperor has just picked out the second of the seven wives Celestial law allows him. The fact that she has the smallest foot in Pekin, where the cruel custom of pedal-dwarfing is supposed to have reached its highest perfection, is mentioned as one of her qualifications for the position she is to fill.

—Admiral WORDEN still shows the marks of the powder which a rebel shell blew into his face when, as commander of the little "cheese-box" *Monitor*, he was putting the *Merrimac* to flight.

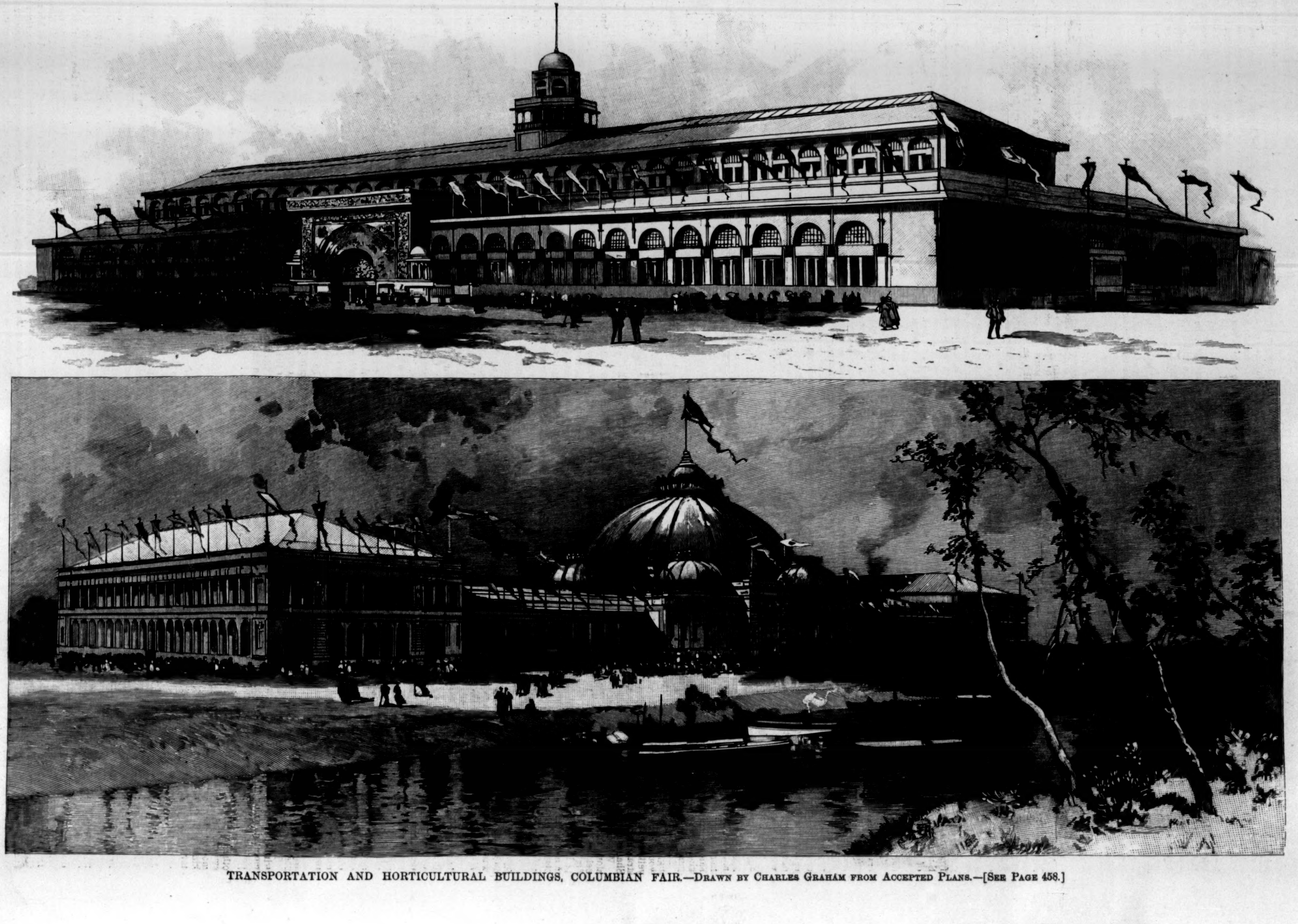
—Captain E. C. HORE, a well-known central African explorer, is visiting this city. He travelled thousands of miles by canoe and on foot in the heart of Africa, making valuable geographical discoveries, and in all his wanderings never fired a shot at the natives or received any injury from them.

—WASHINGTON LUMPKINS and several other former slaves of General JAMES TAYLOR, of Newport, Kentucky, have just won a suit which they brought to recover land that was bequeathed to them by the wealthy General's will when he died in 1848. About fifty slaves were given their freedom and twenty-five acres of land apiece by this will, but none of them seemed to think of enforcing its provisions, till four of them in 1887 brought the suit which is now decided.

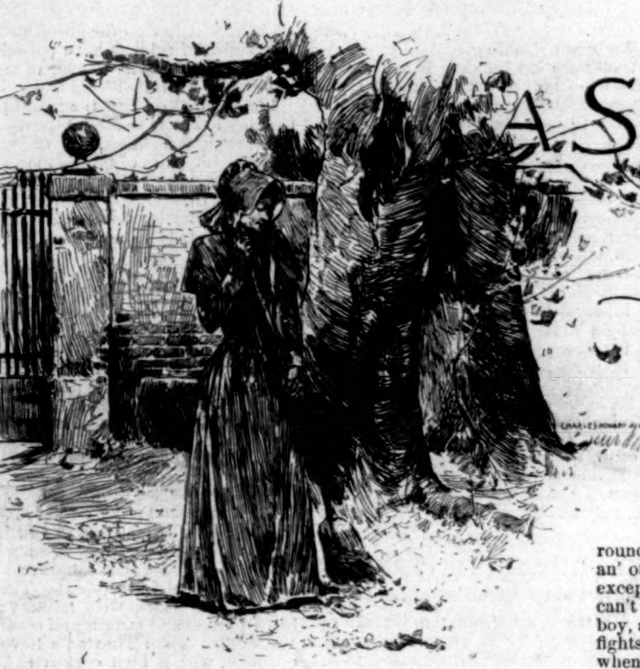
—The children of the late Señora LLANOS (FANNIE KEATS) have recently given to the British Museum a valuable collection of letters which their uncle, JOHN KEATS, wrote to their mother during the years from 1817, when he was living in Oxford, to 1820, when he left England for Italy.

—Mr. KIPLING, Sen. (no one seems to think it worth while to speak of him except as the father of the illustrious son), is an artist of some note, and has been decorating a ceiling for the Queen at Windsor. An English clergyman has just discovered that RUDYARD KIPLING's grandfathers were both Wesleyan ministers.

—Pierre Loti, who has been elected to the French Academy, defeating the Vicomte de Bornier and M. ZOLA, is a captain in the French navy, and his real name is JULIEN VIAUD. He is forty years old, and the materials for his books have been gathered during extensive travels in Turkey, Japan, and other Eastern countries. His house in Paris is richly furnished in Oriental style, and at his receptions, which are assemblages of brilliant people, the author, his wife, intimate friends, and attendants appear in Eastern costumes. The music, lights, and refreshments are from the same source, and the illusion is made so complete that it is hard to believe that one is in Paris and not in Morocco or some other Oriental city.



TRANSPORTATION AND HORTICULTURAL BUILDINGS, COLUMBIAN FAIR.—Drawn by Charles Graham from Accepted Plans.—[See Page 458.]



A Shaker Wooing

By Eva Wilder McGlasson

IT was a chill morning late in April, and the land about Shakertown had a certain frosty look which comported well with the rigorous aspect of the houses themselves. The leafing trees seemed to fluff themselves like cold birds, and shreds of some budding maple floated in the air like stray snowflakes. Dog-wood blossoms overlaid their branches with a white fleece, and even the pink hawthorns had a livid tint, as if they were freezing. Scattered petals of a flowering fruit tree made the stone flags at the side of East House fresh enough for a bride's feet, though indeed brides were unheard of at Shakertown, and there was no one about to enjoy the sweetness of the morning except Sister Rose Trapp, who had been sent to sweep the walk.

She was taking her time to the task, her brown little hands set far apart on the painted handle of the square-shouldered Shaker broom, which shepherded the flock of fleecy white flowers with so much needless care that if Elderess Hannah had chanced to be looking from her upper window on the women's side of the house, she would no doubt have reminded Sister Rose of the sin of wasting time.

But Elderess Hannah had other affairs in hand that morning, and Sister Rose was free to be as idle as her conscience would allow. Now and then she stopped to put back the yellow silk strings of her tunnel-shaped straw bonnet, or to straighten the edge of the stiff round cape which is part of a Shaker woman's garb.

Whenever the wind stirred a protest in the lilac bushes along the fence, she gave a stealthy glance around her bonnet, as if she had surmised a footstep; and once, when a flight of small birds made a sudden descent on a stark branch hard by, blowing about the twigs like so many dark leaves, Sister Rose let go of the broom in rather a startled fashion, clapping one hand over a heart which had undergone a throb not in any way the outcome of the teachings of Ann See.

"I thought I heard some one coming," breathed Sister Rose, a look of disappointment in her face, which was young and pretty and full of bright color, the eyes as gray as clear water, with lashes altogether too long for a Shakeress. As she spoke, she glanced a little resentfully at a group of children playing in a corner of the garden. "I wish they would go away before Sister 'Liza comes," she considered. "Looks like there's always some one round to run and tell eld'ress if you want to talk to any one for a minute. Oh, I wish unprofitable discourse wasn't wicked! I wish it wasn't against the rules!"

Suddenly she caught her lip in an expression of listening. A firm quick step was on the stones behind her, as a woman whipped about the house corner.

"Sis' Rose!" she called, in an eager whisper; "aw, Sis' Rose!"

She was a lean old creature, with a dark falcon face and a voice like a croak; her eyes had a bird-like vivacity, and she moved after the manner of a robin, in a succession of swift forward sweeps and furtive pauses.

"Eld'ress er any of 'em at the up windows?" she demanded, laying on Sister Rose's shoulder a withered hand bossed with knuckles like brass studs.

The girl reviewed the house's green-curtained windows with a swift glance and shook her head. "Uck-uh," she reported, fixing the old woman with an intent eye. "Oh, Sister 'Liza, hev you seen him this morning?"

"Jest for a word, as he brought in the milk," said the other. "He set the buckets down, an' was on the go lickety-switch, but I jest says, 'Look a-here, James Henry, I'm your mother, an' though Shaker rules is aginst ownin' ties of kinship an' sech, you got to listen when I lay out to speak,' says I."

"'N' what did he say?"

"'Talk is onprofitable an' a bar to spiritool good, Sister 'Liza,' says he, an' out he put. But I hollered arter him an' says, 'Sis' Rose Trapp was askin' about you last night.'"

"'N' what did he say?"

"Jest turned an' looked at me like a stray dog thet 'spicions p'ison on a scrap you're offerin' him."

Sister Rose Trapp's face flagged a little. "I don't reckon he cares a single thing about me," she muttered. "Sister Marthy Grooms was telling me last night thet if any one loves you, they can't hear enough about you; and if James Henry won't even listen—"

Sister 'Liza gave an impatient grunt. "Sis' Marthy doesn't know nothin' 'bout men! They ain't all alike. James Henry never was no hand to gas. He thinks lots of you, Rose. I've seen him watch you in meetin', thet's a shore sign."

"Do you think so—honest?" Rose's tone was doubtful. "I never lived in the world, and I don't know how folks act when they do like you."

"They don't all act the same," said 'Liza, in a wily whisper, her sharp face at the girl's ear. "Love's like whiskey, it 'fects people differ'nt; some gits cheerful an' talky, an' some gits moody an' still; some gits thet peaceable, they go round claimin' friends with every one, an' others git quarrelsome enough to take exceptions to other folks livin'. See, you can't tell. James Henry's a pious-minded boy, an' it takes him aginst the grain. He fights it like he fought whoopin'-cough when he was a baby, jest wouldn't whoop till he was nigh near strangled. But he's bound to give in! He's got me an' you an' the hull everlastin' universe aginst him."

Rose smiled dreamily, not perfectly comprehending this exposition of positive philosophy. "I think lots of James Henry," she said, openly, "ever since you told me he liked me better than any girl in Shakertown. I'd like to live in thet little green house in Burgin you showed me, and hev a sewing-machine and a flower-gyrden—"

"An' keep chickens, an' mebby a nice little hawg er two. Fatten 'em on the scraps; no expense skercely."

"Yea. 'And sit of summer evenings on the door-step talking, just us two! him a-leaning against the door! I can see it as *plain!*"

Sister 'Liza's face suddenly executed a remarkable change from rapt satisfaction to indignant conjecture. "Jest you two!" she demanded, hoarsely. "An' where'd *I* be, Rose Trapp? What do you think I'm wheedlin' James Henry Hoggins into this thing for? Look here, missy! it's because I'm sick of 'countin' to people for every breath I dror, an' workin' constant an' gittin' no money ahead, an' hevin' no say-so in anything, an' no chance of risin', seein' all our deaconesses are as robust a lot as any one would wish to look at. James Henry kin make big wages at shoemakin', an' I may as well hev the good of 'em. But he's so firm set in doctrine, I know I can't git him away without fixin' his heart on some gyrl or other; an' I picked you out because I've noticed him lookin' at you off 'n' on, an' anyway you're tractabler than some. But I want you to onderstand thet I'm goin' to run the house, hunh?" She paused tentatively.

Sister Rose was used to being dominated. Her will had been too long subjected to authority to dream of rebelling. "You can do anything you please; I only care about James Henry," she said, with unworldly candor, her mind unversed in the little social arbitration which makes woman the passive agent in conjugal arrangements.

"All right, then," said Sister 'Liza; "an' remember the egg-money is mine. Hursh! Is thet Elder Thomas? 'Sh-h-h!" She snapped her bonnet over her face, and scuttled down the walk.

Sister Rose went on tranquilly sweeping the walk, her eyes not seeing outward things at all, but turned inward upon a bewildering vision of life far less abstract than this about her. Literature had not purveyed to her with poetic food; but she had a shapeless sense of the human satisfaction that lies in sympathy and the fusion of interests, and the feeling was the stronger that she made no effort at analyzing it. Marriage meant to her a state in which she and Brother James Henry should be able to talk to each other as often as pleased them. If he should find it needful sometimes to scold her, she would be grieved indeed, but she should not love him the less; and if he praised the coffee, how this would compensate! She had no intimate sense of the doctrinal evil of this connubial vista on which her eyes were set. She only knew that it would be pleasant not to be obliged to have one's hair cut every year, just as the yellow locks grew long enough to be woven in a worldly bunch on top. She was tired of wearing caps which gave her an air of holy resignation to perpetual maidenhood. Shoes which buttoned instead of lacing stolidly up the front, and gowns made without capes in the neck—was it so very wicked then to have a desire for these fat-fleshed luxuries?

They were all a part of the glamour which shone about Brother James Henry. That night she caught his eyes as the family filed into the long dining-room. The women ranged themselves at one table, the men at another, all standing a moment in silent prayer.

The boards were spread in coarse white cloths. The crockery was heavy, but there were a few cups of a sprigged pattern, which some one had brought as dower to the settlement, and Rose Trapp's mind, as she bowed her head and breathed an invocation for spiritual grace, formed a subtly pleasing connection between James Henry and the spidery moss-roses represented as crawling over the porcelain.

"We'll hev a set like them," she decided as she sat down.

Brother James Henry was certainly regarding her with a moderate sort of interest. He was young and had a broad brow, over which a long lock of hair swung in a catenary curve, its end trailing behind and around one ear. His glance was dreamy and abstracted. In his chin a dimple showed the imprint of the finger of Venus. As she felt his observance, Sister Rose Trapp's heart was sensibly agitated, and she found it hard to eat.

"You should not have taken more food than you wanted," the elderess presently rebuked her, eyeing the overfull plate.

Rose's lashes pointed with tears, and she felt an added pang at this reproof because Brother James Henry had heard it.

That evening, as she was going up stairs, a malicious fate, which had no regard for Shaker ideas, arranged that James Henry should be coming down, and the two young people met on the landing. That they should pause was contrary to all rules and regulations, but nevertheless each one slacked up a little, and stood looking at the other. Brother James Henry indeed seemed simply to be waiting for her to go by, but though she was abashed, and had laid hold of the stair rail to stay her strength, Sister Rose was not aware of wishing to cut the rapturous moment short. He made as if to proceed on his way, and Sister Rose, realizing that he meant strictly to abide by the law and the prophets, suddenly yielded to a womanly impulse, and, reaching out a trembling, appealing little hand, touched his arm.

"Sister 'Liza," she faltered, "she—she—"

But, after all, she could not go on, and only hung her head, her breast heaving.

"Sister Rose," said the young man, speaking with the appalling plainness of common human nature unrestricted by a knowledge of polite formulas, "mother says you love me."

There was no questioning in his tone; he did not attempt to palliate the robust nudity of this remark, but simply stated it as he might have stated that night was coming on.

Rose nodded. She did not know that a delicate sense of modest reserve would have required her to deny his statement.

"I don't know as it's my fault," he commented, slowly. "I never tried to hev you."

She laid her wrist over her eyes.

"You better not think about it any more," he advised.

Rose lowered her hand and looked at him, and with an eye of unimpassioned criticism he noticed that her hair was as yellow as the breast of a meadow-lark, and grew in downy points about her brow.

"Beware of the voices of earthly affections," he said, in an equable voice.

"Brother James Henry," breathed Sister Rose, in a low tone, "Sister 'Liza—I wouldn't have said anything about you, only—she told me you—cared—about me. Don't you?"

There was in her face, in her voice and bearing, as she spoke, the whole piteous, passionate bewilderment of a woman whose conviction of another's regard is uncertain.

But just now a voice sounded in the corridor above. Some one looked over the baluster.

"Sister Rose Trapp!"

Rose shrank.

"Y-yea, eld'ress."

"What are you doing down there?"

"I—I was only passing the time of day with—with Brother James Henry."

"Eh-ha! Come up to my room, Sister Rose. You, Brother James Henry, report to Elder Thomas."

The voice melted away with the majestic effect of the utterance of a god withdrawing in clouds.

Sister Rose clutched at her cape, her eyes wide. The young man looked disturbed, but his masculine calm prevailed as the girl glided by in the dark of the stairway. He saw her disappear in the turn of the hall, a door slammed, and he knew she was in the chamber of presence.

For several days he saw nothing of her, but he took the less account of this that certain visitors from an older community were present in the village, having come to arrange business affairs of some weight. It was reported that the leading elderess was to be removed to wider fields, and among the subordinates whom this action affected was Sister Eliza Hoggins.

In view of her undoubted capacity for the conduct of affairs, she was informed by her superiors in office of their intention of conferring upon her the leading position in East Family's executive force. Even before this matter was officially given out, the community was made aware of it through the medium of Sister Eliza's altered bearing. She dropped her peremptory air, and assumed the gracious manner of one upon whom fitting honors have fallen, and who, having known how to be abased, knows also how to abound.

Her son, coming upon her one day as she sorted linen in a little room below-stairs, stopped to make query as to the distinction he understood was about to be granted her.

"Yea, truly," admitted Sister 'Liza, with grave dignity—"any one listenin' about the halls?—I hev chastised my heart of worldly corruption; but I mean to do well by you, James Henry—an unly son. I'll see thet you're an elder yet; but it 'll be jest as well for us not to be seen in ungodly converse," she added, manifesting the capacities of a great ruler, in that even the laws themselves were pliant in her hands.

Brother James Henry's chin tightened. "I was going to ask"—he hesitated, not feeling in the least inclined to smile as the wind sat—"what has come of Sister Rose Trapp?"

His mother's eyes surveyed him with chill reprobation. "Sister Rose Trapp hes been rebuked by them in authority for heving, on her own confession, let worldly affections turn her from the truth."

She folded a sheet with proprietary interest, and laid it in a lavender-scented pile. "Sister Rose Trapp will be sent to a far community. Eld'ress Hannah Moorhouse will take our sister to her new sp'ere of juty, an' overlook her feet thet they walk according to the light." She fetched a great sigh.

"But, mother—I mean Sister 'Liza—"

"Deaconess 'Liza."

"Rose is afraid of Elderess Hannah. Always was. Just turned white as those sheets the other night when elderess called her."

"She'd no business talkin' with male men on the stairs."

"It was only me."

"You're a man, James Henry."

This view of the case seemed to strike a spark from James Henry's stony consciousness.

"Let 'em punish me, then, instead of poor Rose Trapp," he argued, hotly, the tumult in his breast by no means suggesting the expansion of natural faculties harmoniously developed. "Tell 'em to send me away instead of her. She won't know a soul in that North community."

Deaconess 'Liza's broken nose conferred resolutely with her chin as she closed her jaws. "You always let on thet you didn't keer a straw about Rose Trapp. Wouldn't hev me pass her name to you skercely."

"You was always talking about her."

"I was tempted of the devil," said 'Liza, blandly shifting the load of personal responsibility. "I was tempted to hanker for a home in the world where I could raise hens. I see the folly of my ways now thet a high temporal office hes been granted me. As for you, James Henry, you said you would pray thet Rose Trapp might come to see the vanity of her heart. So I reckon it 'll rejoice you to hear thet she hes come to conviction. Eld'ress hes ben instructin' her daily, an' Rose says she hes rooted her fondness for you out of her soul forever, an' is resignated to whutsoever course is laid out for her."

"I am glad," said James Henry, paling a little, and lucidly aware of something heavy in his breast, as if his heart had dropped like a plummet of lead, and was gauging the fathomless depths of a new and curious dissatisfaction with life.

"I reckoned you'd be," said the deaconess, giving ear to his assurance, and not taking note of the flagging aspect of his face.

As Brother James Henry thought over the matter, it was plain to him, long pliant to authority, that perhaps Sister Rose Trapp's removal from Kentucky was a wise and providential arrangement. She was resigned; he could not be less.

He had, however, a feeling of vague gladness that on the very day set for the departure of Elderess Hannah and her charge, he was commissioned to go to Lexington for some materials needed in the shops. He glanced shyly at the two women as they clambered into the wagon, on the front seat of which he sat with the driver.

It was a wet morning in May, and the drizzling landscape oppressed him. The sky was a blanket-like spread of gray, apparently harboring rain enough to last a week. The houses had no aspect of covering cheerful interiors, but seemed merely fortuitous shelters for creatures as desolate as the place in which they held an existence that was only the pale serum of life, lacking the vital red atoms of love and human aspiration.

Sister Rose Trapp did not look at the young man at all, but he saw that her cheeks were not pink any more, and that her eyes gathered a new shade from the circles below their heavy lashes. She did not speak, even to Elderess Hannah, as the wagon rolled along toward the railway. But when they were come at the station, and James Henry had helped the elderess to alight, it befell that he performed the same office for Sister Rose, and that as he lifted her free from the muddy wheel their eyes met.

Perhaps her look was altogether one of resignation. It was sad enough to be called by any name which bears to the mind an intimation of mournfulness. But it was not appealing. It carried to the young man's heart a direct revelation that something like pride, as well as piety, had come to Sister Rose's aid, and that she was going away willingly from a place in which her woman's soul had dreamed its dream, and waked to find it only the shadow of its own desire.

He glanced about. The elderess was proceeding with great dignity up the path to the scroll-sawed edifice beyond. Brother Wilbur was gone to fetch water for his horses. There was no one by to hinder him if he chose to speak, no one but Ann, the Word, and somehow just at this moment she did not seem a very ponderable presence set off against the Shaker maiden at his side. She had turned to get a shawl from the wagon, and as he watched her he rapidly reminded himself of various canons of his faith; but that in him which had defied the spur now resisted the curb.

"Why, you don't want to go, do you, Rose?" he said, suddenly.

"Yea," said Rose.

"And leave me?"

"Yea," said Rose.

"Oh, Rose, see here! Why, I can't let you go away. I want you—to—to stay. Say, Rose—"

"The eld'ress!" gasped the girl, looking wildly after the ponderous figure of her spiritual director, as one who sees her faith dissolving, like a scroll in a flame.

"What *of* her?" demanded James Henry, magnificently, his young heart filled with a lion's courage. "I'll just go and tell her we're going to be married. She can't do anything to stop us. This is a free country. May I tell her? Say, Rose."

"I hev rid my heart of earthly affections," said Sister Rose, solemnly, her tender eyes putting the lie on this awful assertion.

"Our affection won't be earthly; it 'll be divine," pleaded James Henry, making love as naturally as if he had never done anything else all his life long. "That little house in Burgin is still to rent; there's two peach-trees in the yard, and— Here's elderess coming to look for you! Shall I say you're going up North with her? Rose, Rose—"

"Oh nay!" said Sister Rose, surprised into a negative assent.

TRANSPORTATION AND HORTICULTURAL BUILDINGS.

Mr. W. L. B. Jenney, of Chicago, is a member of the Board of Architects of the Columbian Exposition, and one of the most conscientious. He has projected not a few rather daring conceptions, notably a certain commercial plant that was suggested to him by wealthy New-Yorkers. But when he undertook to plan a building for the horticultural exhibit of the World's Fair, he was confronted with a problem that would face him but once in a lifetime, and he accordingly gave himself up to much study before he even attempted a sketch in crayon. The pretty design that he finally submitted was no disparagement of his ability. His first care was to centralize or concentrate his idea into some expression of fitness to the subject in hand, and this expression is found in the central dome or pavilion of the proposed and accepted plan. On either side of it, spread away, lie 500 feet or nearly of structure. The dimension of the building in length is 1000 feet, and the extreme width 286 feet.

Dependent on the central pavilion, which is crowned by a glass dome, are two end pavilions. These are connected to the central pavilion by front and rear "curtains," which form two interior courts, each of which is designed to be 88 by 270 feet. The courts are to be elaborately decorated in colors that will shade from the superlatively bright into the softer feeling, and again rise to the bold. The coloring will be the complement of the variegated effects in nature provided by the exhibit. Intense blue will touch intense red, and absolute green will accentuate lily white. Mr. Jenney will look to the artificiality of the affair, and the supervising botanist will unwittingly do the rest, for he cannot create unrest or inharmony in his groupings of natural colors.

The height of the central pavilion will be 187 feet, and under its transparent dome will tower palms, bamboos, and tree-ferns in as large sizes as may be obtained. The gallery of the central pavilion will be for observation purposes purely, while those of the end pavilions will be utilized for this end as well as for cafés. The cafés will be surrounded by an arcade on three sides, and from these it will be possible to secure a new view of the *ensemble*.

In the horticultural department will be exhibited all known varieties of plants, flowers, fruits, wines, fruit products, seeds of all sorts, and the implements of horticulture. Such special exhibits as require sunshine and light will be shown in the rear "curtains." Here the roofing will be made of glass, and in such proximity to the plants as to suffice for the effects of the ordinary hot-house covering. The front "curtains" and the spaces under the galleries will be used for such exhibits as require only the average amount of light and sun ray. The designer has not forgotten to provide for the higher temperature that will be necessary for the preservation of plants, fruits, and flora in general that will have been rescued from tropical climates, and he has therefore made an arrangement whereby the interior space can be properly heated.

The site of the horticultural building is located immediately south of the entrance of the grounds from the Midway Plaisance, and the hall itself will face the west edge of the lagoon with an eastern elevation. In front of it will be a terrace for the exhibition of such flora as will thrive in the climatic environment. It will include tanks for the Victoria Regia and nymphæas. The face front of this terrace, bordering the waterway with a low parapet, will make a boat-landing. The total cost will be $400,000.

Between the horticultural building and the exhibit of the mines will rise the structure for the exhibits of transportation methods. The style is Romanesque. Its leading feature, therefore, is the main entrance, which will consist of a marked single arch. This archway will be bordered with carvings, bass-reliefs, and mural paintings that will approach the fashion of the Babylonians in number and complexity. This feature will be treated entirely in leaf, and the architects say that it will be called the golden door. It will form a rather rich if quiet color climax. The remainder of the composition is thought out into a proper relation of contrast with the rich doorway, and is accordingly modest though very broad. It consists mainly of an arcade that is designed to be continuous, and which will be the theme for a subordinated colonnade and entablatures. The wall will be broken here and there with numerous minor entrances, and with these will be grouped terraces, drinking fountains, and statuary, in which beauty alone, rather than beauty and appropriateness, is sought.

In its interior the design is treated after the manner of the Roman basilica, with broad nave and aisles. That is the reason that the roof is made into three divisions, the middle of which is higher than the others. The walls are pierced so as to form a very beautiful clere-story. The cupola, that rises directly from the centre of the building to a height of 165 feet, is reached by eight elevators. These modern inventions will not alone serve as an actual service in the building, but will furnish a part proper of the exhibit of modern transportation methods. They will also be an easy avenue of approach to the main galleries of the building.

The dimensions of the transportation department proper are 960 feet in length, and 256 feet in depth. But an annex has been decided upon that will extend in a westward direction to Stoney Island Avenue. It will be triangular in form, and will cover an area of about nine acres. It is to consist of a series of buildings one story in height, 64 feet in width, and placed side by side. The great area of this annex, combined with the provision for a regularly gauged railway track at every 16 feet, will permit of the possibility of the exhibit of an entire freight or passenger train coupled to its engine. The master of the annex says there will be sufficient room for the display of 100 railroad locomotives placed end on, and a dull imagination is all that is necessary to fancy the grandeur and the impressiveness of such a vista as the one suggested. These engines will, it should be stated, be faced along the main avenue or nave of the annex. The practical eye of the projectors sees in the exhibit every form of modern transportation, from a baby-carriage to a "mogul" locomotive, and from a cash conveyer, as is seen in a commonplace dry-goods shop, to a gas balloon as large as a dwelling.

The transportation building is one of that much-talked-of group that will go to make up the picturesque quadrangle that lies to the north. It will form the southern end of the west flank. Its axial relation is with the manufacturers' building on the east side of the quadrangle, and the central feature of each will be on the same east and west line. The descriptive architect says that it is "exquisitely refined and simple in architectural treatment, although it is intended to make it very rich and elaborate in detail. In style it savors much of the Romanesque, although to the initiated the manner in which it is designed on axial lines, and the solicitude shown for fine proportions and subtle relations of parts to each other, will at once suggest the method followed in composition at École des Beaux Arts."

Viewed from the lagoon the cupola of this building will form the effective southwest ascent of the quadrangle, while from the cupola itself, the northern court, the most beautiful effect of the Exposition, or at least one of them, may be observed.

BUNKER HILL'S ANNIVERSARY.

SOME UNPUBLISHED MEMOIRS.

These extracts are from the journal of my father, Joseph Tufts, counsellor-at-law, Charlestown, Massachusetts, deceased 1835, and were never before published. The original is in his own handwriting, and the volumes, yellowed by age, have been stored among the heirlooms of the family.

William Whittemore Tufts.

Arlington, Massachusetts, *April* 9, 1891.

BUNKER HILL FOLK-LORE.

June 29, 1825—*Wed.*—Went at 7 P.M. to Winter Hill. M. Hastings, a maiden lady, says that she, being then 16 yrs. of age, saw Gen. Warren, on the morning of Bunker Hill battle, give his watch and other trinkets to her mother at Cambridge. That he walked the room in great agitation. He was then about going on to the field where he was killed.

June 14.—*Tues.*—I returned from Concord, dined at my brother Whittemore's, and rode over Bunker Hill. There were on both hills crowds of people on foot and in carriages to see the preparations. Col. Clark, aged 95, a Captain in the Battle, was there.

15th.—*Wed.*—Jacob Pierce, the Bunker Hill soldier. I went up on Breed's Hill where I saw Jacob Pierce, of Jaffrey, N. H., aged above seventy years, attended by his son. He is a strong old man and still has a military air. He is very deaf, but communicative. He stood on the remains of the breast works and looked forward and about him with an earnest brisk warlike manner, and said as follows: "I came to this hill the night before the battle, being a sergeant of my company. I was unwell with the camp disorder (the dysentery), and could not work, but I was employed all night in setting sentinels, &c. The next morning I had a breakfast of hog's cheek. It was poor eating. If Washington had been here the working party would have been relieved. It was hard to make them stay and fight after working all night.

"The British advanced. I saw them take hold of a rail fence in their way, and move it backwards and forwards slowly. They did not like to come up. I was at the lower part of the breastwork. If I had gone into the fort, I know I should have been killed or taken.

"When the British came up we killed them as fast as we pleased. They retreated and formed again. Their dead lay in heaps. They got behind heaps of dead. There was a step at the side of the breastworks where we could stand to fire. Three of my company were killed. I saw Lord Percy fall on his knees waving his sword for his men to come up. The bullets of the British screamed over our heads.

"After a good while some of the men said, 'They are getting into the fort.' I replied, 'Then it will not do for us to stay here.' I ran toward a bush." Here the old man looked around and said, "I do not see the bush now. In going there I came across a man who told me he was wounded in the ankle. 'Well,' said I, 'you had better then leave the field as fast as you can.' And I saw him hopping off. I got behind the bush and thought it would be a good place from whence to fire upon them. The British were now advancing rapidly. Their fire was one continued crack. I could see their mouths open, and concluded they were huzzaing, but I could not hear them. I heard the bullets continually passing through the bush behind which I was, and thought it would not do to stay there. After the battle began I felt nothing of the disorder under which I labored, but felt perfectly well. I saw a man entering the fort richly dressed. At that moment he fell. (Pitcairn?) I gave them seventeen rounds.

"It is hard to tell how long the battle lasted. They say sixty-one minutes. They may make me believe that if they can. I think it lasted twice that time."

The above I heard from Mr. Pierce this day on Breed's Hill.

(Signed), J. Tufts.

16.—Nothing is thought of but the approaching celebration. Crowds of people are continually passing to Bunker and Breed's Hills to view the preparations. Some companies of soldiers have passed from Salem to Boston. The throng of strangers is immense. Warm with rain.

17.—*Friday.*—I saw the grand procession pass my lodgings in Main Street.

A few horsemen were in the van. Next sixteen companies of militia in splendid uniform with a band of music. Then the survivors of Bunker Hill Battle in eight open carriages, with badges on each side of their coats by their breasts (a blue riband stamped Bunker Hill, June 17th, 1775). Gen. Dearborn and Col. Clark, captains in the battle rode first. A Bunker Hill drummer had his cocked hat and drum, and a soldier in the battle, in a broad brimmed hat, and crushed down by years, ever and anon waved to the people a leather pouch like a pocket with its leather string, the same pouch from which he took his bullets in the action.

Next followed the Revolutionary soldiers on foot, with badges of blue ribband; a venerable band. Then the Bunker Hill Monument Association in great numbers, with blue ribband badges, six deep.

Then the grand procession of Masons from all the New England States and from New Jersey the three silver vases with corn, wine and oil, the Bible, square and compass. And they were full dressed. The Knights Templars in black with military hats and black plumes and swords and spears. Then Webster. Then Thaxter, a Revolutionary chaplain, with a high cocked hat, breeches and shoes with large silver buckles: a man of another age. The Directors. Then La Fayette and Lallemand in an open carriage with four white horses. The Governor and Legislature. Gov. Fenner, of Rhode Island, with his aids. Part of the Pilgrim Society. Then officers of U. S. Navy and Army; and of the Militia in splendid uniform. In the whole about five thousand and three hundred men. The grandest procession since the Roman Republic.

They were twenty-five minutes in passing by me. They went through Main, Green and High Streets to Monument Square. There the corner stone of the Monument was laid by G. M. Abbott, [F. Mason], Webster and La Fayette. The oration by Webster succeeded, spoken in the open air to a vast multitude. The orator was dressed in a black gown. The ladies were on his right and left. The Bunker Hill soldiers before and next to him. He stood about twenty rods N.N.E. of the new monument, near the bottom of the declivity. The people were on seats above him.

> "God of our fathers, is it not
> The holiest spot of all the earth?
> On this hill, thou, Lord, hast dwelt
> Since round its head the war cloud curled
> And wrapped our fathers where they knelt
> In prayer and battle for a world."
>
> Pierpont.

The tent where they dined is on Bunker Hill, on Jotham Johnson's land, next N.W. of Mrs. Blanchard's land, near the street, and parallel to it. It is 400 feet long and 100 feet wide, and has 12 tables the whole length; a platform in the center for distinguished guests, 100 feet by 50. 4000 persons dined there. It is made with a frame covered with sails.

The oration was delivered between 2 and 3 o'clock, P.M. The sky was brilliantly clear after the preceding day's rain; the air cool; the wind northerly in the morning; east about 12; then calm; then a slight westerly breeze. It is supposed that one hundred and fifty thousand people were present.

The stone being laid there was a shout and a discharge of cannon from Bunker and Copp's Hills.

Such honors Freedom to her soldiers pays.

19.—*Sun.*—Went to meeting all day. Very hot. A Bunker Hill soldier was there with his badge.

22.—*Wed.*—La Fayette passed through this town for Concord, N. H., never to return.

A RED LEAF.

BY BLISS CARMAN.

Over Grand Pré the year was wheeling round to early fall, with vigor already in the air, and on the sea that deeper Septembral blue.

Silence everywhere, and distance; acres and miles of marsh, dun-colored and russet, bounded by league after league of winding dike, dotted with ricks of hay, open, blown by the wind and sunburnt, and strayed over by the pasturing cattle, which lift their heads from time to time to gaze in wonder at the sea.

The festival of berries was over; the wild-rose petals were long since strewn abroad by the idling fingers of the wind, and only the scarlet hips were left to tell the unlikely tale. Many and many a day had here gone down to silence, slowly wending, laden with a burden of song; for was not the wayward spirit of the year wild and eager to crowd the bird throats with unutterable things? And the dusky Canada lilies had danced their last stately dance upon the borders of the harvest meadows, and bowed themselves out through fairy doors.

So the northland summer, that child of passionate desiring and regret, had risen from her sultry revel, spilling the last pale flowers from her lap, and passed where the hillward open slants bright in the morning wind, loitering half wistful by the road-side, brushing the golden-rod as she went.

There she stood now by the gray fence line, and for one long while in reverie gave her eyes their whole will of lowland and marsh and travelling shadow and the far-off border of rocking sea—sunlit, blue—waiting, waiting, until her lord, the autumn sun, should move forward, a silent hunter upon a lonely trail, and beckon her away beyond North Mountain to the night.

The smouldering of his camp fires signalled from the hills.

II.

The days were not yet crisp with frost, except for the first hours after sunrise upon the white fields, but in the stillness of the afternoon a pervasive sense of infinite leisure was abroad, too happy for idleness, and far too content for busy meddling.

It was the very treasure of the year, the inherited possession of that tiny folk, the crickets, who are born with the dew, and die with the frost.

At morning the great cloud loft would be hung with snow-white foldings of the sails of day, idle upon the yards.

But after noon, when it began to wear unwillingly toward sunset, the sky would change. The very being of autumn stole through the world's great veins. The long ranges of upland were crimson and dark and tawny purple in the sun. The stealing haze occupied the heights and passes by the hills, peopling them with a host of gnomes, so that the earth was a place of splendor more lovely, more tender, than the earlier year had known.

Every sound from the hundreds of cattle upon the marshes came up resonant like a thing possessed, far heard, haunting, sweet, as if it had passed through some alien borderland of dream. Never, never, having once heard those sounds in the September air over Grand Pré, shall thy heart quite escape a touch of home-yearning as often as the year turns to fall.

There, from St. Eulalie to Pereau, the orchard harvest has ripened, until the apple boughs swung lower and lower with their crimson and yellow fruit. From many a roof the pungent smoke, thin and blue, rose and wandered and melted away into the haze.

III.

A strip of higher ground, wooded, a few hundred yards wide, borders some mile and a half of Grand Pré on its outmost seaward side. For the rest, the dikes must serve as bulwarks against the dredging of enormous tides. Here, just clear of the fir woods, stood an old gray barn, chinked and awry.

The huge sagging doors lay open against the wall; just within a young fellow was grooming his favorite horse. The beautiful beast shone glossy in the sun, and up through the quiet the tramping of his restless feet on the hollow floor sounded among the spacious rafters, where the gnome people dwell in winter in the forsaken nests of the twittering swallows.

As the boy slapped and stroked the smooth brown neck, he stopped, and leaning on his horse's back, gazed far off to the east. Miles away over the marshes a puff of white steam flashed and curled and ceased; presently a long shriek came down the air, and the growling sinuous train grew into sight. The young fellow watched it come on and on, skirt along the foot of the uplands, rattle over an open culvert, and draw up at the gray wooden platform of the village a league away.

A short rest; then, with laboring breath, it got under way again, gathered speed, whirled up the dust, swung its vanishing tail through a cutting, and was gone.

The shining trail remained, and the grasses along the track were shaken by an invisible storm.

After the great monster has passed, and the world is given a little quiet again, there is no saying what sort of shadowy folk may journey forth by those lines of glittering steel, for one cannot help remembering and thinking of to-morrow and to-morrow and to-morrow, and that is the train down to the seaport where you take ships for the great States.

The young fellow turned away, and laid his cheek against the horse's neck.

IV.

Then it was night. Clouds massed and threatened, and no clerk of the weather had courage to read the Riot Act over them, so they did not disperse, but flocked from all sides. And the wind talked rubbish, like a demagogue from the hustings of the hills, until the trees clapped their hands; but the sea muttered implacable and quenched the boasting wind.

So it was dark on Grand Pré; the roads were chilly wet; the bleak rain streamed in the face of a belated traveller, and shoals of scurrying leaves drove by in gusts, sighing as they flew, and yielded up the ghost.

V.

Bowling Green, as all the world knows, nestles at the foot of the Broadway. The wealthy offices of the great ocean steamer lines front it on the south, and to the left, of warm comfortable red, towers the mass of the Exchange Building.

The Green itself is a tiny oval set with trees, surrounded by an iron fence, and having in its centre a circular pond large enough to turn a canoe in, and half full of lazy foreign water flowers. A little bank of fresh turf slopes from the stone coping of its lip down to the brown gravel-path which encircles it under the trees.

It was the end of summer here too, and five o'clock in the evening, when a girl in a round straw hat and dainty jacket came out of one of those offices further up the street, where you see in the windows polished desks and type-writing machines and posted dates of steamer sailings.

She walked down the cobble-stones at the north of this Green, and stopped at the gate.

Then she went in, and stood by the pond, watching the water flowers turn their leaves in the breeze heavily, like a lumberman sculling a raft of logs.

The red and blue water-lilies from India and Zanzibar floated there in exile with their white sisters from Sierra Leone. The Egyptian paper reeds sighed and shook their fluffy heads over reveries of Pharoah's daughter. The tall regal pink-white lotus from Japan loosened a petal, and launched it, like a nixie's skiff, on the still flood, and slowly it drifted down to wreck in the guzzling maelstrom of the drain-pipe.

But Dainty Jacket was not thinking of any of these things, nor of the only other loiterers near by—an old man on one of the benches and a child busy with the gravel.

She was a sweet-faced girl, neither handsome nor beautiful, but much more than either—very lovely, with hair (since you must know all about it, and since we have sat down here in the shade to talk about her) like turned beech leaves, and eyes the color of the sea, at once so merry and searching there was no refusing them anything. She had a way with them much too frank to be demure and much too simple to be bold. If she looked at you, you began to wonder what wrong you had done lately, for you were sure she knew it; then, when she smiled in her gazing, you knew that if she were judge there would be mercy mingled with the judgment. And when she smiled, the day might as well have been basking over North Borneo, so out of mind were all his efforts and so officious.

From the wrinkle of her boot to the last coaxing curl behind her ear she was— Oh, well, she was just Dainty Jacket! I watched her many a day there in the Green, but you have never seen her. I cannot tell you; you are a young man; you would love her madly for a month, then you would love some-one else—also madly. But when you are as old as I am, you will learn that Bowling Green—or Broadway either, for the matter of that—does not see her like every day.

No; Dainty Jacket was not roving with the splendid fancies of those alien flowers; her eyes were on the common lily-pads with their red linings showing here and there. She smiled softly, as one does in sleep. Then she sat down upon a bench, and took out a square letter with a scarlet stamp bearing a crowned girl's head. As she read, a breeze came over from the Battery and rustled the maple leaves above her in the tree-top.

The little girl—who was only little by epithet, and because it is dear to be little—looked up and smiled across the lily-pads, that slow still smile of hers, for the breeze had shaken a small red leaf into her lap. She lifted the treasure in her fingers, and, watching it, her eyes and mouth seemed for a moment to be playing puss in the corner with tears and smiles. Then she folded the leaf in her letter, and hurried away through the south gate, with her dear little head bent down, and nobody to turn and look after the dainty jacket but the old man and the child busy with its gravel on the walk.

AN ALIEN INDUSTRY.

It is one that rises almost to the level of art; indeed, to follow it successfully a fine feeling for line and curve and proportion must abide with the worker. All of them are Italians. Many can speak no word of English. The workshops, picturesque as they are unsavory, dot and spot the region betwixt Chatham Square, Brooklyn Bridge, and the East River. For the most part, they are up many flights of rickety stairs, are reasonably spacious, with windows looking to northward, and delicious shadowy corners crammed with all sorts of queer rubbish. The trade tools are of the simplest: two or three wide deal tables, much like a carpenter's bench; half a dozen battered buckets, each with its wooden paddle; bowls of plaster; cans of earth paints—ochre, umber, terra-cotta—and long shelves full of yellow-brown lumps that exhaust the possibilities of eccentric curve and angle. Each lump is in parts—two, three, many. Together they make the mould of a plaster cast, or so much of it as can be removed while damp without breaking. The moulds themselves were white plaster once. Use and linseed oil are the roots of their rich color. Before each casting, oil is spread plentifully over the inner surface and seams. Then the parts are tied hard and fast together, and liquid plaster poured in through the opening in what will be the base of the figure.

The plaster is about the thickness of cream. When the mould is tossed and tilted hither and yon, turned now to this side, now to that, it runs into each nook and cranny, and makes Amora's wings, or Flora's wreath, or a donkey's head fit for Bottom, the weaver. Most likely there are a dozen moulds now. By the time the last one has its quota, the first is ready for the second filling. After that comes a third; in large casts even a fourth. Then the moulds are inverted, and the surplus drained back into the bucket. Ten minutes later there is a slow untying of string, and there before you, as the yellow husk falls slowly away, is a thing of beauty, all white curves and gray shadows, hard to the touch, but damp as river-fog. Most of the dozen will be ludicrously incomplete. St. Anthony wants a cowled head—there is only a deep socket in place of it; the promenader, her parasol; the shepherdess, her crook, as well as the hand that holds it; the flower-girl, her basket of posies; the mandolin player, his lute—but the smaller moulds open to disclose all the missing members.

Deftly the workman lutes them in place with a little newly wet plaster. In like manner he fixes on any broken fragment. Then, with a broad thin-bladed knife, he goes over the figure, paring down here a seam, softening there an angle, or accenting a curve. Falling back a pace, he takes in the effect of his touching up, then sets the figure on a wide light board that very shortly will bear the whole batch into the drying closet. It is small and dark and stuffy, kept hot—but not too hot—with a charcoal stove. Twelve hours in it makes a figure marketable, unless it is to be colored or bronzed. In that case it is washed over twice or thrice, and fired between each coating. The delicate pink and cream colored figures are made by mixing terra-cotta—which is Italian for "red earth"—or yellow ochre with the plaster before casting. There is no duty upon either the raw material or the workman, and low as the finished casts sell, there is some four hundred per cent. profit in the manufacture.

Plaques in low-relief require but a single mould. Others have the figures cast separate, often in many parts, and so skilfully attached that the joining is unsuspected. Everywhere and often you find the true sculptor's touch. It is here that the real sculptor comes when he wants helpers for some colossal group.

Among themselves there are sharp lines of segregation. One atelier makes only angels and shrine figures; another show rows upon row of caryatides, griffins, gorgons, what not, for use of architects. Many others are crammed with green parrots, bears, monkeys, bouquets of fruits and flowers, that will be vended in country towns the length and breadth of the land. Still others run to groups, faithfully reproducing the best imported statuettes. Native ones have the protection of copyright, or they too would greet us on every corner. Indeed, there is nothing in the big pretentious places that supply artists and dealers that you may not buy of these Italian image merchants for about one-tenth the big shops' prices. It is a most wonderful array. Besides those of classics that everybody knows—Diana, Night, Morning, Hebe, the Venus de Milo, Dancing Girl, Hercules, Apollo, Cupid, and how many more?—besides flower girl, shepherdess, saint, cherub, cavalier, or character group, you find wonderful heads of dog or ox or donkey, horses champing the bit, arms, legs, whole bodies dissected to the muscles and showing their play; and, close beside, a baby's dimpled foot and leg, ending half-way up the thigh. You touch it half tenderly, and ask, incredulously, "From life?"

The blue-bloused workman nods assent, and mumbles, "Him cr-y—oh, what you call? —bel-low verra, oh, verra mucha."

You do not wonder at it when, for sake of experience, you decide to take away a cast of your own hand. With inward shivers you eye the bed of soft plaster in which it must be laid. You have more than one qualm as the member is anointed with the brown, sticky, malodorous oil. You become a mass of creeps, as it is plunged into its bed and more of the white, cold dampness, that feels like a plastic corpse, packed over and around it. In briefest space the stuff has set, and the workman deftly cuts it in two by pulling through it the oiled thread he has laid around the hand's outline. Then literally comes the tug of war. Spite of oil, the inexorable plaster has taken hold upon each small hair or wrinkle or crevice, and gives it up most reluctantly. It is a momentary flaying alive, faint prickings run down to the tips of your toes. You will be level-headed indeed if you do not see three colors at once. But to-morrow or next week, as occasion serves, you may shake hands with yourself in plaster, and present true copies of that part of your anatomy to either the friend you love best, or the foe you would confound with its shapeliness and fair proportion.

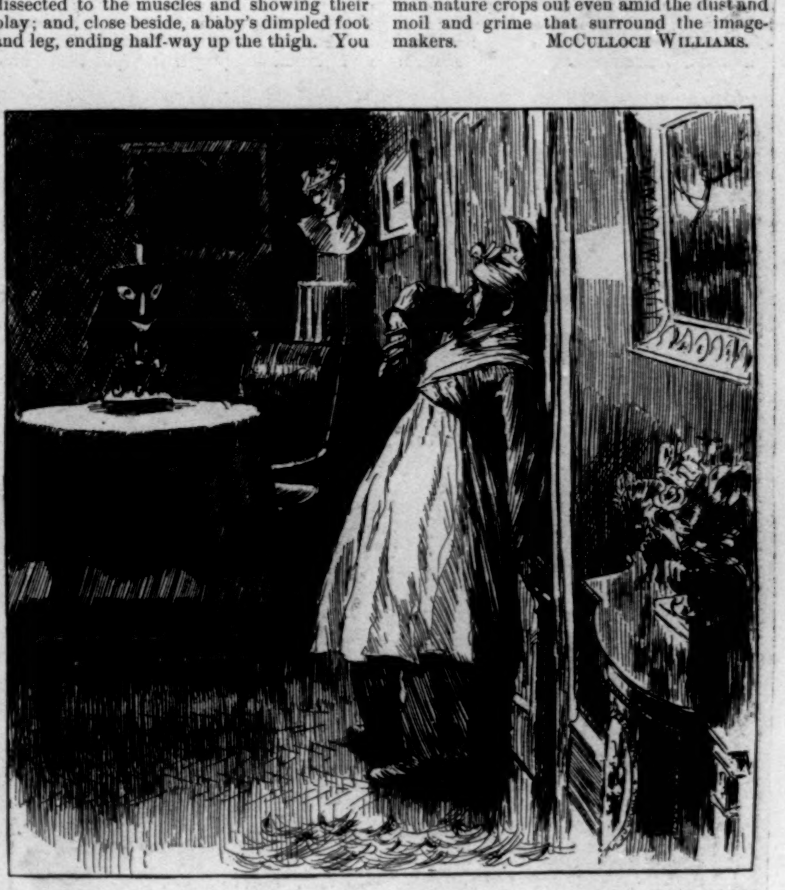
It is an experience you will not care to repeat, unless, indeed, your vanity is abnormally developed. "Ah, but soona, da do maka notting of eet! See dis?" says the image-maker, showing a cast of an ear with only the turn of cheek and neck attached. It is simply perfect, neither large nor small, fluted like a shell, and set on at just the proper angle. The artificer looks it over with a connoisseur's air, and says, slowly: "Heem troubla? I maka one, two, tree, oh, many; so many"—holding up ten fingers—"before heem iss righta; but she a pay; she mucha money. Not mucha beauti; dis all; she lika to see eet."

Once you are recognized an *habitué* of the shop, and have bought yourself into the master's confidence, he will show you all the secrets of the house—that is, the hands, feet too, of his customers who wish thus to perpetuate themselves. Two years ago it was quite the fashion. Now, he tells you, with much upcasting of big dark eyes, "Not mucha ladi come any more." But some bring or send their babies. Here are dimpled hands galore, and a chubby foot, with its round toes drawn in, as though shrinking from the cold creeping plaster.

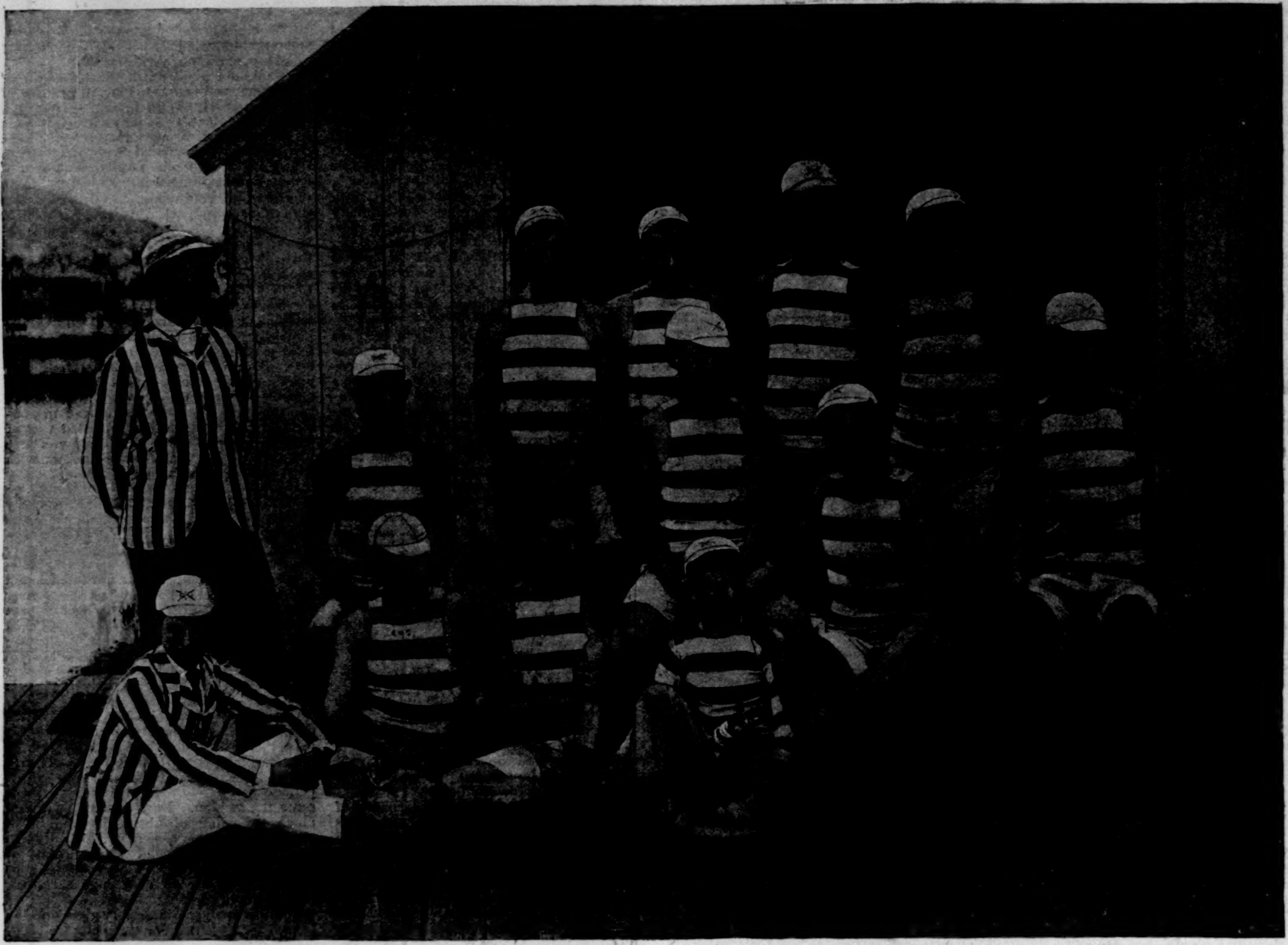
There is another whose story gives you the heartache. It is that of a three-months baby, dimpled perfectly, but, oh, so pitifully rigid in pose! It was taken from death, not life. Baby's father was a sea-captain who made voyages round the world. The little one came in one of his periodical absences. For a while it throve and grew; then came sudden fatal illness. In the midst of her grief the young mother bethought her that her husband had written, "I kiss the young being's great toe," and this cast was made that the father might one day see the shape of the little feet that would never run to welcome him.

A hundred years ago Talleyrand wrote, "We have many histories, but only one human nature." And somehow a deal of human nature crops out even amid the dust and moil and grime that surround the image-makers.

McCULLOCH WILLIAMS.

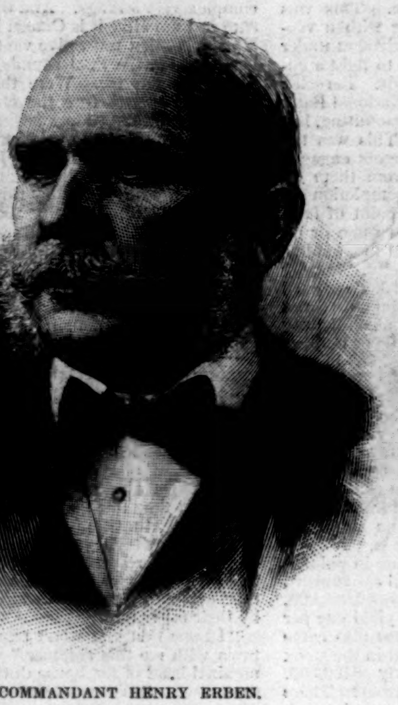


THE UNEXPECTED EFFECT OUR ARTIST'S NEW LAMP SHADE HAD UPON HIS NEW SERVANT.

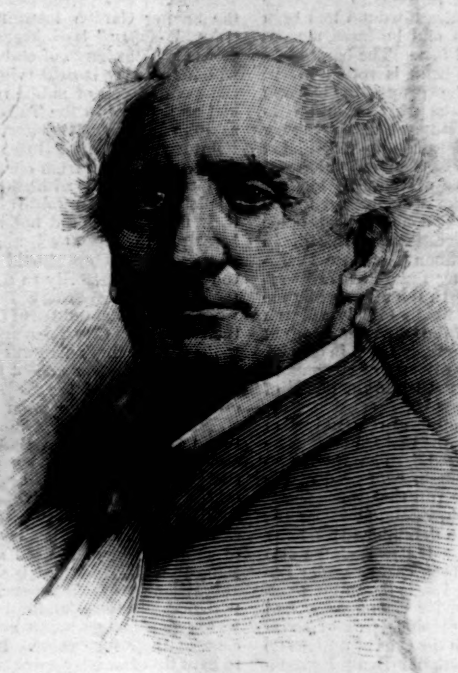


THE THREE-CORNERED BOAT-RACE AT NEW LONDON—COLUMBIA CREW.—[See Page 463.]

THE THREE-CORNERED BOAT-RACE AT NEW LONDON—CORNELL CREW.—[See Page 463.]



COMMANDANT HENRY ERBEN.



THE LATE CHARLES FISHER.

HIPPOLYTE.—[SEE PAGE 463.]
PRESIDENT OF THE HAITIAN REPUBLIC, WHO IS RULING BY FORCE OF ARMS.

COMMANDANT HENRY ERBEN.

AFTER having spent forty-three years in the naval department of the United States, a period of honor and usefulness, Rear-Admiral Braine was retired from service on May 18th. Since November, 1889, he has been commandant of the New York Navy-yard at Brooklyn, and upon his retirement Captain Henry Erben was appointed to succeed him in command. Captain Erben, who for a year past has been a member of the Board of Inspection and Survey, took charge of his new post on May 20th. The ceremonies attendant upon his reception were very simple, as the regulations provide only for the reception of a Captain on shipboard.

Captain Erben is a New-Yorker by birth, and received a Midshipman's appointment from that State on June 17, 1848. Seven years later, in June, 1855, he was advanced to the rank of Passed Midshipman, and in September of the same year received the title of Master, being made Lieutenant about a twelvemonth later. In 1862 he was elevated to the rank of Lieutenant-Commander, and a little while after the war was promoted to be a Commander. The title of Captain was received by him in 1879. He is now second on the active list of the latter rank. During his term of service he has served nearly seventeen years on sea duty. Captain Erben is a brave man and a good officer, having served with credit during the war. He is straightforward in manner and has the courage of his convictions, not hesitating at times to express his own opinion, and to back it up with good reasons. He has been associated with Rear-Admiral Braine on shipboard, and upon the eve of his departure the latter recommended the new commandant to his brother officers as an efficient and capable officer who will be a credit to his command.

CHARLES FISHER, ACTOR.

WHEN the final exit comes, the actor is soon forgotten, and not less the man, but he who passed away a few days ago will be remembered as the actor and was honored as the man. Charles Fisher was one of the older generation of actors. He belonged to the old school—a school where many gracious men learned their parts and taught the world a lesson. Mr. Fisher was born in 1816, of a good English family, and did not take to the stage until he was nearly thirty years of age. He acted in London seven years, and succeeded Lester Wallack at Burton's old Chambers Street Theatre in New York. As Ferment, in *The School of Reform*, he made his initial appearance in America. From that time his name was associated with the drama of this country, and his associates have included many famous actors and actresses who have since passed away. For more than ten years, from 1861 to 1872, Mr. Fisher was a member of the company that was honored by the applause and appreciation of all who went to Wallack's Theatre. He played in the old house in Broome Street, and was in the cast that opened the new theatre at Broadway and Thirteenth Street. Upon leaving Wallack's he attached himself to Augustin Daly's stock company, and remained in that connection until a short time ago. His retirement was necessitated by old age, as he gradually failed in his later years, and the direct cause of his death is due to erysipelas. All theatre-goers of to-day remember him, and to the older generation he was a link in their memories of the past. He was a finished and conscientious actor, alive to the traditions of the stage and to its advancement. He was a man of fine presence, being over six feet in height, and his features were regular and attractive. Mr. Fisher was twice married, his wife who survives him being forty years younger than himself. His life has been high, and his example a noble lesson to his fellow-men. Mr. Fisher had few opportunities during the Wallack days, having to play second old man to John

THE THREE-CORNERED BOAT-RACE AT NEW LONDON—UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA CREW.—[SEE PAGE 463.]

Gilbert. His best parts were Joseph Surface, Triplet (which is said to have been the best ever seen upon the stage), Old Adam in *As You Like It*, Graves in *Money*, Falstaff, Sir Peter Teazle, Mercutio, Claude Melnotte, the Ghost in *Hamlet*, Goldfinch, Tom Bobolink, Malvolio, Fagin, Sir Harcourt Courtley, Laroque in *The Romance of a Poor Young Man;* but it is as the Parson in *The Squire* that he will be best remembered by the present generation.

JOHN BARDSLEY ET AL.

JOHN BARDSLEY, ex-Treasurer of Philadelphia, is in Moyamensing Prison, in default of $50,000 bail, to answer the charges of perjury and embezzlement. If the great tower on the Quaker City's colossal Public Buildings had fallen to the cellar and demolished thereby the entire edifice, the astonishment and shock could not be greater than has resulted from the downfall of this prominent merchant, political leader, and public-spirited citizen. "Honest John" Bardsley was literally a tower of strength in Philadelphia's business and political circles, particularly the latter. Never regarded as a very rich man—he was president of the Bradford Mills—he was looked upon as a man of sterling strength of character, of such indomitable honesty of purpose and action, that the revelation of his dastardly treachery and rascality is positively stupefying.

Elected Treasurer in November, 1888, he took office the first Monday in January, 1889, for three years. His bondsmen were the well-known manufacturers John & James Dobson—for the city, $100,000; and for the State, $120,000. This has, of course, been forfeited, and the Messrs. Dobson have signified their readiness to make good their surety. For years prior to his election Bardsley had been a member of the City Councils, and chairman of its Finance Committee. This latter has practically the fixing of the city's yearly tax rate, and such was "Honest John's" prestige, his extensive experience in municipal affairs, that whatever rate he counselled or advised was always adopted. In all his dealings he was ever on the side of economy, retrenchment, and the proper conduction of the business affairs of the city; and now he is a self-confessed thief. In December last, as a result of the financial disturbances that for a time convulsed the business centres of the world, there was a run on the Keystone National Bank of Philadelphia. This bank occupied the ground-floor of the Lucas Building, corner of Chestnut and Juniper streets, across the way from the United States Mint. Built up by John C. Lucas, who died in 1888, it had gathered to itself a lucrative business, and enjoyed the enviable distinction of being one of the so-called "active banks" designated by ordinance of Council as a depository of city and State money. An "active banks" means one selected to receive the daily deposits from the City Treasurer, and generally to receive on deposit and supply the running cash of the city's business. The law authorizes such banks to keep on deposit at one time of the city's money $400,000. When the run began upon the bank it was found that Mr. Bardsley had nearly $600,000 of city money on deposit there; of itself not a very serious transgression, but it caused comment and criticism, and out of this lapse from strict adherence to the law by "Honest John" grew the pressure that finally pricked the bubble and laid bare the fraud. Apparently the bank was sound in the eyes of its sister banks in last December, for they tided it over its troubles through the Clearing-house Association. But its death-wound had been dealt; it lost deposits and business, rumors began to fly thick and fast. The bank is absolutely solvent; the bank is rotten to the core—which was the people to believe? Naturally they chose the safe side, and withdrew their money. But the city's money remained. Then it became apparent that it was there for a purpose. An investigation was begun by a Committee of Councils looking into Treasurer Bardsley's dealings with the Keystone Bank, and the conduct of his office in general. This investigation is still in progress, and Councilman Theodore M. Etting has won enduring fame as a cross-examiner of witnesses. In the mean while the bank lingered on, and finally failed on March 18th. Comptroller of the Currency Lacey at once placed Bank Examiner Drew in charge, and after a desperate attempt at reorganization, the institution passed into the hands of a receiver, where it now is.

"HONEST JOHN" BARDSLEY,

CITY TREASURER OF PHILADELPHIA, NOW IN MOYAMENSING PRISON.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY GUTEKUNST, PHILADELPHIA.

These fruitless attempts at reorganization brought to the surface the real trouble. The bank had been "gutted." The then president, Gideon W. Marsh, confessed at the time of the December run that there was a defalcation in the bank. John C. Lucas, his predecessor, had died a defaulter to the bank to the extent of $925,000; it was stated also that Marsh, who had been cashier under Lucas, had declared that Lucas began his stealings in 1880, therefore for eleven years had the villanies of this precious pair of swindlers been hidden from the eyes of zealous (?) directors and the National Bank Examiner. When this announcement was made, Mrs. Lucas, the widow of the erstwhile president, turned over to the directors an equity in the Lucas Building and property at Sea Girt, which apparently reduced that deficit two-thirds. In the mean time the probe was inserted further, and it was discovered that Marsh had been guilty of perjury, forgery, falsification of the bank's accounts, over-issue of stock, and that Assistant Cashier Lawrence was *particeps criminis*. Both were arrested and placed under bail. In the mean time the investigation by the Committee of Councils proceeded, and Marsh, unable to stand the ordeal, "jumped" his bail, and is now a fugitive from justice, with a price upon his head, apparently guilty of almost every conceivable violation of commercial integrity. The further the committee went, the worse matters looked for every one connected with the bank. Directors who had signed reports without even reading them; clerks who had stood by silently while whole pages had been abstracted from the bank's ledgers to deceive that very trusting official, Bank Examiner Drew; and so on, one criminal disclosure and proof of fraud following upon the heels of another so rapidly that the community simply stood dumfounded. And then came to light the most stupendous act of all. Bardsley had deposited in the Keystone Bank, in his own name, $930,000 of State taxes, for which there is nothing to show except some worthless due-bills of the broken bank. There never has been any account in the State's name, and there is nothing to show for whom it was paid out, nor where it went to!

Following upon the failure of the Keystone Bank came the collapse of the Spring Garden National Bank, another "active" depository of city and State moneys. The president, Francis W. Kennedy, is in the same jail as Bardsley in default of $20,000 bail, and his brother, Henry W. Kennedy, the cashier, managed to secure bondsmen, and keep himself out of prison. It is in evidence that President Kennedy owes the bank some $900,000, for which the bank has no security, and that two of the directors owe the institution between them $400,000 more, and both these gentlemen have made personal assignments with no visible assets. And yet it is only two months ago that this Spring Garden Bank declared a semiannual dividend of two and a half per cent. Both these banks were patronized by Bardsley, and both patronized him. For the privilege of being made "active" banks, they complaisantly allowed "Honest John" four per cent. interest upon the deposits of city funds, when the law prohibited him from receiving a penny! Other banks did the same, although not paying the same rate of interest.

It may be said of these two banks that they conspired together to trick the National Bank Examiner. Whenever Mr. Drew made his appearance at the Keystone Bank with his assistants, for the usual examination of the bank's condition, Marsh would engage Drew in conversation, the clerks would be hurried off to the Spring Garden, and return with $30,000 to $50,000 in cash, which was placed on the receiving teller's table, as if it belonged to the Keystone, and, of course, was counted by Drew as part of its own "cash on hand"; when Drew left, the money was returned to the Spring Garden institution. This was "double-entry" book-keeping with a vengeance! The charge of embezzlement under which Bardsley is held brings to light a curious conversion of public funds. Bardsley had an account in the Third National Bank as John Bardsley Highway, amounting, last February, to about $41,000. This was ten per cent. retained from contractors engaged in city work, and withheld from them by Bardsley until the faithful completion of their contracts; it did not, in point of fact, belong to the city at all, unless some or all of these contractors should fail to complete the work satisfactorily to the city. During the month of February Bardsley received word that the Committee of Councils to count the cash in the City Treasury was on its way to the City Hall. There was little or nothing in the cash drawer except $193,000 in protested due-bills of the Keystone Bank. In order to help make good his deficiency, "Honest John" drew from the Third National $39,000 as John Bardsley Highway, and deposited it in the cash drawer as city funds, and it was so counted by the committee. It is for the conversion of this trust fund that he has been held for embezzlement. If ever there has been an admirable exemplification of the old adage, "robbing Peter to pay Paul," here is a case in point.

Bardsley has made a personal assignment, with nominal assets amounting to $2,000,000, which good judges assert may yield one per cent. of their face value. It has also come to light that Bardsley speculated in the stock market, with a loss of nearly $100,000. Where did this money come from? There is a hollow echo circulating about the cash account in the Keystone Bank. Throughout all this miserable story of falsehood, trickery, fraud, theft, and perjury, there is just one bright spot, and that is the refusal of Assistant Cashier McClure, of the Spring Garden Bank, to countenance an over-issue of the bank's stock by President Kennedy, and his subsequent resignation rather than be a party to the fraud. In view of the fact that next winter a Congress will meet, with a Lower House composed largely of Farmers' Alliance "cranks," government pawn-shop advocates, "fiat" money swindlers, the spectacle presented by the losses and reckless robbery of these Philadelphia banks, and similar disasters elsewhere, will place a powerful lever in the hands of those demagogues who delight in efforts to turn "topsy-turvy."

HARRY P. MAWSON.

THE MADISON SQUARE GARDEN.

BY FLAVEL SCOTT MINES.

"I DO not know that I care much for music in the abstract," remarked the Professor of Philology to himself, "but to listen to good music with a cigar in your mouth and a tankard at your side is very delightful." The college term was just over, nearly three months of pleasure lay before him, and the Professor was in New York for a night. On the morrow he would seek some secluded farm-house, and grub for Greek roots all summer. That was pleasure to him, but on this night he was determined to have his fling in another way. There was something rakish and spicy in the adventure, so the little gray-haired Professor sat at one of the foremost tables in the Madison Square Garden, and smiled at his recklessness as he drank his beer. At the same table with him was a pale freckled youth, flashily dressed, and a rather pretty girl. Her voice was harsh, the little Professor thought, and he shuddered at her speech, which was not classical. The little Professor also shuddered when the damsel ordered beer, but the next moment he winked rapidly three or four times at the band in order to show that he was fully aware of his wickedness. It was simply delicious, thought the Professor of Philology. Then he took another sip of beer, and begged a light for his cigar from the pale freckled youth.

Not far away sat two of the college students, and the heart of the little Professor swelled with pleasure at the thought that he too was young again, as young as they for that night. "Boys will be boys," said the Professor to himself, and he wondered what the ladies and gentlemen in the tiers of seats thought as they looked down upon him. Then the music began.

The Professor gazed at the array of instruments. "I have it—I have it," he mused. "Music and speech are allied through the same mediums of sound. There is a brass contrivance precisely like an Arabian motto from the Koran. Undoubtedly that is the instrument giving forth that wail that resembles the cry of the muezzin from the minaret. I must look the motto up. And there is also the arbitrary sign of Mars; used, I have no doubt, in war music. Strange indeed! I wonder that no one ever thought of the idea before. The sign of Hygeia, too, must have something to do with theatrical stars. Dear me! dear me!" quoth the Professor, absently, "what is a theatrical star anyway?" The little man was oblivious to all else but the wonderful shapes of brass on the platform before him. "Music and speech are allied through the same mediums of sound. Good! I must make a note of that. The expression of the vocal characters is allied to the strains evoked from musical instruments of the same form. Wonderful, wonderful—I must not forget that—very complex, very strange. And there is Omega; sure as I am alive it is Omega in brass tubes. Now that—that must give vent to the lowest bass sounds, the final sounds, so to speak. That is suggestive. Were the instruments known to man before the characters were used, and did the shapes suggest such characters? It must be so. We know that dogs were known to the Dakota Indians before the horse, for they call the latter 'big dog.' What a study in philology this orchestra is! I will speak to the faculty about it. There is a circular instrument like the letter *O*, giving out those deep unremitting grunts. They are indicative of surprise; they are—"

There was a sudden flash before his eyes, and the Professor started. A waiter stood by with a lighted match; the Professor's cigar had gone out.

"Pardon!" said the waiter. "You vas asleep!"

"Dear me, no," answered the little Professor, between puffs at his cigar. "You may bring me some more beer. And, eh, can you give me a paper and pencil? I wish to transcribe some notes," and the little Professor looked absently around and smiled at the girl at the same table, who smiled back.

At the next table sat a family party. The little boy was trying to sleep, but the rendering of Wagner by the band was not productive of somnolence. His father and his mother evidently enjoyed themselves, judging by their eager talk.

"I hope that you won't regret staying in town with me this summer," whispered the nominal head of the house during a pause in the music. "We won't compare it with the sea-shore or the mountains, but it's cool enough, and besides, my dear, it's near home. As an experiment, it promises to be successful."

The music burst forth at that moment, and aroused the little boy; but a deaf man, who had come to the concert in the hope of hearing a stray note or two of German melody, understood the lady to say, by the motion of her lips, something about a sort of "picnic life."

"That's Judge Young over there, in a white waistcoat," continued the man who had to stay in town. "He's a better politician than he is judge, however; and that chap in a dress suit over yonder is Grace's friend, who rode three winners at the horse show. He's got plenty of money and is a gentleman, but he rides like a what-you-call-'im of mythology. That little man I just bowed to is my tailor, and the couple just behind him are Mr. Trotter and the Schuyler girls. Their people are probably staying in town for the wedding to-morrow. They're reckoned among the first twenty in the Four Hundred."

A man who knew nobody sat not far away, with his head resting upon one hand. He had been a self-condemned exile for ten years, and upon the first evening of his return he had come to the garden to rouse the old memories of the past. A week before he went away he had been there at the circus. A particular one was of the party, and he had never forgotten that evening. The pink lemonade, the pea-nuts, the brass band, and then those confidential little whispers! Only a few days before her engagement to another was announced, after which he had gone away. He sat alone, and wondered what had come over his dreams. In vain he looked for something to suggest those other days. He seemed still to be an exile from the city of his youth. He thought that he would wait until the music began, then those good old times would come back to him in the rattle and roar of some familiar tune. He would not look at the programme, the music would tell him all. The conductor's rap startled him, and "Beautiful Spring" and "When a Boy I Lived at Lincoln" flashed through his mind—which would it be? With a crash the music started, and he started, also, at the crash. Had the clown come in? Had—no, he was in a strange place, and he had been dreaming. It was no circus. She was not near him. He was a stranger in a large hall, and the overture to *Siegfried* was being played. He sat as a man stunned, the cigar almost slipping from his fingers.

A sweet-looking girl and a quietly dressed youth took seats at the same table. He recognized their right to do so, but he did not fancy their company, so he rose and moved softly back to a table near the rear which was vacant. An obsequious waiter was before him in an instant with a lighted match, reminding him that his cigar was out. He mechanically put his hand in his pocket and drew out some change, while at the same time he frowned. Was he to be disturbed again by a couple of interlopers at his table? But as he glanced at them his frown changed, for the girl suggested another girl of ten years ago, and the young man with her was just such a fellow as he had been. By that time the waiter was bending over them.

"I guess I'll take some lemonade—pink circus lemonade," he heard her say in a pleased way.

"Beer," added her companion, briefly.

The listener wished that he had some pea-nuts so as to keep her company, and he bit his mustache to keep from smiling at the thought. Pea-nuts and pink lemonade and —"Rhapsodie Hongroise Number Two." What a combination! The girl at the table whispered something to her escort at which he smiled, and it was a very bright smile, so full of happiness that he who looked on rose abruptly and went softly out.

THE THREE-CORNERED BOAT-RACE AT NEW LONDON.

CORNELL—UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA—COLUMBIA.

THE three-cornered race, June 25th, as this event is called, is certain to prove the most interesting this year of any since the crews first came together. The first eight-oared race between these three colleges came off in 1889, when Cornell won, with Columbia a close second, but with the most thoroughly "pumped-out" crew imaginable. Columbia's work that season was really remarkable, for, miserably trained as they were, they made a hard fight, and pulled a very plucky race. Last year Columbia had no crew, and Cornell defeated the University of Pennsylvania in very good time. This year each one of the three colleges has made an especial effort, and the result is three of the best crews they have yet turned out. Columbia particularly has made a great advance over previous years. She has had a level-headed captain, and a coach who has been drilling the men in the Oxford stroke, with a few deviations. The crew is a light one, but has shown in practice a very good turn of speed, though the men have the bad fault of letting their slides go and bending their arms as soon as they put power on the oar. Their reach is not good either, and there is not that swing direct from the hips that should be seen. The crew has made great improvement since going to New London, where it is being coached by Mr. Applegate, of the '86 and '87 crews—and an extremely good oar. The crew is made up:

	Age.	Height.	Weight.
Stroke. H. S. McKee, '93	22	5.11	155
No. 7. . A. D. Prince, '93	21	6	171
" 6. . H. P. Meiklehaim, '94	19	6	159
" 5. . G. W. Metcalfe, Capt., '91	18	6.1	164
" 4. . W. H. Camp, Law	19	5.10	169½
" 3. . T. L. Chrystie, '92	19	6	158
" 2. . W. A. Pomeroy, '93	22	6	162½
Bow . . F. J. Oakes, '93	20	5.10½	155
Cox'n. A. T. Hewlett, '92	20	4.11	97
Subs. . W. N. Taintor, '93	20	6.2	157
" . . R. M. Gignoux, Law	26	5.10	160

All except 6, 4, 2, and Gignoux have rowed on their class crews, and 6 and 2 have pulled tug of war. No man on the crew has ever before rowed a 'varsity race. The new shell purchased from Waters has proved too large, so the crew will be handicapped by rowing in an old boat.

Cornell, as usual, has a fast crew, rowing in form distinctively its own. This comes about, of course, by Courtney, its coach, being a single sculler, and the men are naturally taught a sculler's stroke. They have very little body swing, and their arms are bent almost as soon as the power is put on; but they get in powerful leg work, and their slide is long. The crew is made up:

	Age.	Height.	Weight.
Bow. . . E. A. Griffith, L. S.	25	5.9½	175
No. 2 H. A. Benedict, '91	25	5.9½	160
" 3. . J. M. Wolfe, Captain, '92	22	6.1	170
" 4. . T. W. Hill, 93.	24	6	173
" 5. . G. F. Wagner, '94.	22	6	185
" 6. . F. W. Kelley, '93	20	5.10	160
" 7. . A. W. Marston, '92	25	5.11½	180
Stroke. G. P. Witherbee, '93	19	5.10¾	162
Cox'n. . E. P. Allen, '92	22	5.1	92
Sub. . . C. J. Barr, '93	18	5.11	162
" . . . W. Young, '93	21	5.10	165

Griffith has been ill, and may lose his place; if so, W. Young, '93, age, 21; height, 5.10; weight, 165, will take his place. He rowed No. 7 in the '93 Freshman crew last year, being the oldest and heaviest man in the boat. Griffith would be a loss, for he is the strongest man in the boat. This is the third year for No. 2 in that seat, and last year he was captain. He is a very valuable man, being a good oar as well as coach. No. 3 is in his second year, is likewise a strong oar, and a good steady captain. No. 4 was on last year's crew. No. 5 rows in a shell for the first time this year, and although a novice, gives strong indications of making a good oar. Kelley, '93, has been rowing No. 6, but is not sure of the place. He was captain and No. 2 in the Freshman crew last year, and is at present probably rowing in better form than any other man in the boat. Barr has also been rowing No. 6, being Kelley's rival for that place. He sat in that seat in the '93 Freshman crew, and has strength and endurance. No. 7 rowed at 5 on last year's 'varsity. Stroke is a good man, experienced and steady. Coxswain steered the Freshmen to victory last year, and has good judgment and a cool head.

The University of Pennsylvania crew has good material, and ought to pull into fast form in the last few days of its work at New London. The crew is made up:

	Weight.	Height.	Age.
Bow. . . R. W. Green	155	5.11½	18
No. 2. . J. H. Buckman	170	5.11	20
" 3. . W. H. Waugaman	180	6.2	27
" 4. . M. L. Barshinger	168	5.11½	23
" 5. . E. M. Harvey, Captain	178	6.1½	22
" 6. . W. F. Ruff	170	5.11½	20
" 7. . J. W. Adams	170	5.11	27
Stroke. F. B. Hancock	165	6.3	19
Cox'n . B. L. Wright	92	5.2	19
Sub. . . . R. P. Griffeth	160	5.8½	21
" . . . . G. A. Van Lenney	152	5.9	17

Hancock rowed No. 3 last year, and was sub. on the Freshman crew which won from Yale. Harvey, captain, was No. 5 last year and No. 7 in his class crew. Waugaman was No. 4 last year and bow; filled same seat for his class two years. The crew is a set of large, hard-muscled men, that average 170 pounds, and is the heaviest the U. of P. ever sent out. They never go to the training table until they reach New London, and in that respect are at a disadvantage with the other crews. Their boat was built by Waters, under Ellis Ward's special directions. The wash-boards are longer than the average shell on account of the height of men, and the locks are Ward's new anti-crab affairs. The oars are also of Ward's make, 6 feet 8 inches long, with a 42½ button.

C. W. W.

A MUSICAL FABLE.

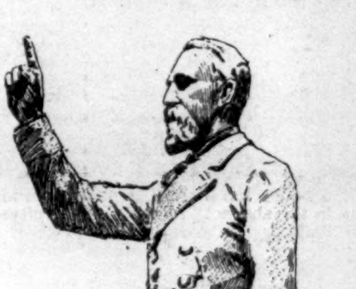
IN a gay and sunny barn-yard
Grew a timid rooster once,
So retiring, all the chickens
Shunned him as a tedious dunce;
Till their scorn at length aroused him,
And he swore an oath: "I'll show
What a fund of wit is in me;
I will learn a comic crow!"
And he practised and he practised
Till he learned his comic crow.

Then, behold! he found his music
Won him straightway great renown.
"After all," observed the chickens,
"Merrier birds are few in town."
And they daily flocked to hear him,
Followed wheresoe'er he'd go,
Made a very lion of him—
Curious lion with a crow—
Cried, enraptured, "Was there ever
Such a truly comic crow?"

But before he'd coursed a year out,
Fashion in the barn-yard changed,
And the chickens said: "This rooster
Manifestly is deranged.
He can do one thing, and does it
Till we're bored to death, you know."
So they cut him, and the outcast
Wheezed alone his comic crow.
Spirits, lungs, and feathers failing,
Died at last with one faint crow.

Yes, and that's the way to do it,
Human wag or chanticleer;
If perchance you have a future
Which you don't at all hold dear,
Or would lose your friends, and perish
After everything's gone wrong,
Profit by a rooster's story,
Learn a single comic song.
Two in time would serve the purpose,
Better learn one comic song.

M. A. DE WOLFE HOWE, JUN.



THE LETTER-CARRIERS' STATUE TO S. S. COX.

A STATUE TO HON. S. S. COX.

THE statue of S. S. Cox which is to be erected in Astor Place was refused a place in the Park. It was designed by a young woman to whom one of the letter-carriers interested in getting the statue erected brought letters, and in this way became interested in her and her work. The statue is not a good piece of work, and the attitude has been said to suggest that Mr. Cox was hailing a passing street car.

Almost immediately after the death of Congressman S. S. Cox a concerted movement by the letter-carriers of the United States was undertaken to erect a statue to his memory in the city of New York. A committee was formed for this purpose as follows: George H. Newson, chairman; Thomas Murphy, treasurer; William F. Reed, corresponding secretary; James McVey, Bernard S. Kennedy, Michael T. Harney, and James Greer. An appeal was made for a uniform subscription of two dollars per capita of the corps, and nearly $10,000 was thus raised.

A competition was then invited, and among the several competing sculptors Miss Louise Lawson was awarded the contract nearly a year ago. The statue, in bronze, 8 feet high, surmounting a granite pedestal 10 feet, will be unveiled on the Fourth of July in front of the new Mercantile Library—a site embraced in the district which Mr. Cox so long represented in Congress. This memorial, accepted after a good deal of adverse criticism from rival artists and sculptors, commemorates Mr Cox's zealous endeavors in Washington to secure eight hours as the legal work-day of the letter-carrier. It is Miss Lawson's first out-door statue in this country, and the only one by a sculptress in New York.

WILLIAM'S HAIR.

BY R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

I MET him on the ferry-boat. He was sitting with his legs crossed, swinging the foot that was off the floor in a sort of preoccupied way, as though nothing in particular engrossed his mind, except that lively idea of pleasure one experiences when homeward-bound after a day of hard work in the rumbling, dusty city.

When I took a seat beside him he did not appear to be particularly glad to see me, although I had not seen him for several months. I concluded that he was deeply irritated over something that had recently happened, and in this conjecture I soon learned that I was right, for he suddenly brought his hand down on his knee and exclaimed,

"Great Cæsar!"

Then he as suddenly paused, and seemed buried in thought. But his silence was not of long duration, for he again brought his hand down on his knee, and said, with great emphasis,

"It is just unbearable, and I don't suppose it will ever stop."

"I trust nothing has gone wrong with you," I said, as soothingly as I could.

"Nothing has gone wrong exactly," he replied, "but I don't suppose it will ever stop as long as he lives."

It was impossible to guess the cause of his trouble from his remarks; and I felt that it would be an impertinence to question him, even when he said, almost tearfully,

"It made me feel very small and cheap, before all the people present."

And after a moment's pause he continued, in the same emphatic vein,

"It makes me mad all over whenever I think of it."

Then he paused, and seemed quieted, and I thought I might do him a kindness by diverting his thoughts from the unpleasant subject that seemed to annoy him so persistently. But before I could change the subject in such a way as not to make it too apparent, he turned to me and said,

"I had a sad experience to-day."

I told him I was very sorry to hear it.

"Yes," he continued, as though it was a relief to make it known, "it was sad, and I shall not soon forget the laugh at my expense. I can hear it yet. You see I went down to my father's office—"

"I see," I replied. And when I made this reply I could only think of the pleasant experiences a boy usually has when he visits his father's office, especially on Saturday, and that is about the only day upon which he can make such a visit—how he goes out to luncheon with his father, and demands strawberries and ice-cream, and every other delicacy for which he has a weakness, and how he wheedles a base-ball and a tennis bat out of his father on the strength of the fact that he has just recovered from a severe attack of scarlet-fever, and that he (the father) should illustrate the gratitude that he feels or pretends to feel by some substantial purchases.

"And then," he continued, while he trembled with emotion, "as soon as I entered the office, where I found a number of my father's friends congregated, he said: 'William, why in the world don't you go and get your hair cut? It is curling up behind like the petal of a tiger-lily, and it makes you look stale and old.' Then there was a loud laugh, and I felt very mean."

I made no comment, and he proceeded:

"My father then noticed that my trousers were bagged at the knees, and called the attention of his friends to it, and started another laugh, a great deal louder and longer than the first; and not being satisfied with this, he told me to get my shoes blacked, and this provoked another outburst. His parting words were, 'Go and have your shoes blacked at a barber's shop, and have your hair cut at the same time.' When I left, I half made up my mind not to go to my father's office again.

As I didn't say anything in reply, lest by denouncing the act of the father I wound the feelings of the son, he went on:

"What made me particularly mad was the allusion to my hair, and his brusque off-hand: 'William, why in the world don't you go and get your hair cut? Those scraggily locks give you an old, stale, worried look that ill becomes you.' You see, he never can get over the fact that I am his *boy*, and that he should treat me now just as he did when I was ten years old. Time has not changed his ideas as regards the relations of parent and child a bit. He would think it proper to order me to bed without supper now if I did anything to displease him. The idea of his telling me my long hair makes me look old, and here I am only sixty-three."

"And how old is he?" I asked.

"He? Why, he is eighty-six; and to hear him talk to me you would suppose I was about twelve. Oh! oh! how those friends of his laughed when he told me to have my hair cut! I was never so exasperated in my life before."

"And what did you say in reply?" I asked.

"Say? I scarcely knew what to say," he replied, "on account of my anger; but finally I said: 'I will have it cut to-morrow to please you. I am not surprised that you should notice the stale old look my long scraggily hair gives me, and I am not surprised that you are pained to see me looking so stale and old, when you are so young and vigorous yourself?'"

THE TROUBLE IN HAITI.

BY STEPHEN BONSAL.

THE political outlook in Haiti, while perhaps not more stormy than during any period of the past century, can hardly be defined as serene or reassuring. General Hippolyte has succeeded in suppressing a little revolution of General Sully-Guerrier, leaving a Presidential possibility the less in the land. General Hippolyte, it is said, acted with great moderation; the revolution broke out on Corpus Christi Day in Port au Prince, and only about two hundred men and boys, principally unarmed, are said to have lost their lives. In view of these facts, one can readily understand why the Haitian press, and in especially those organs most friendly to his interests, characterize the present President as a mild-mannered, genial gentleman, and one who, owing to great benevolence of temperament, is hardly fitted to play a rôle in the stern political life of the Black Republic.

General Hippolyte is about sixty years of age, and of coal black complexion. He is the political idol of the pure blacks, uncontaminated by creole marriages. General Légitime, whom he displaced, was a mulatto, and the hope of the creole population. Politics are still somewhat primitive in Haiti, and the color of a candidate's complexion is more closely regarded than the planks in his platform. Hippolyte is the son of a prominent Haitian professor, who was educated in the normal schools of France at the expense of his government, and on his return founded a military college at Cape Haitien, which is still the most prominent educational institution on the island. He has ruled over the Black Republic for over a year, and though his sway has been disputed in three revolutions and four sporadic riots, he seems still quite firm in the Presidential chair. Mr. Hannibal Price, the Haytian minister to this country, has informed a newspaper interviewer that when Congress meets next month General Hippolyte will be confronted with some opposition to his measures, but that it will all be of a "healthy" character.

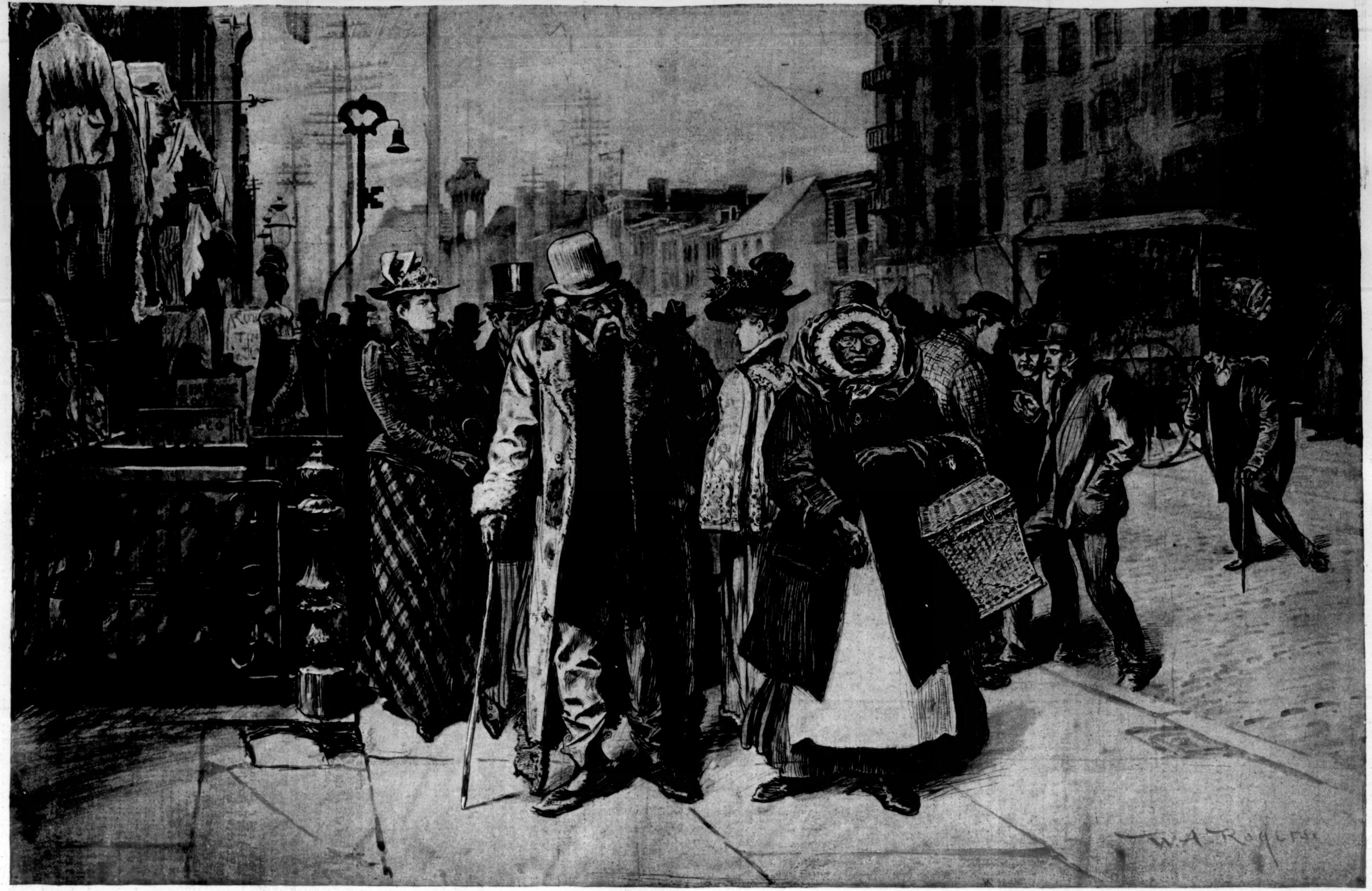
Of course, General Hippolyte does not expect to complete his Presidential term of six years; an ordeal so severe and so long drawn out would snap even the hard fibre of a Haitian politician, seasoned though he have been in a hundred revolutions. General Hippolyte has very nearly completed the average term of eighteen months which, by some unwritten law, is allotted to the Haitian Presidents to rule in, and doubtless we will soon see him following in the wake of his predecessors, Salomon and Légitime, sail away to Paris to join with them in the pursuit of ex-Presidential pleasures, and assume his proper position as an interesting figure in that circle of South and Central American ex-potentates who help to make a certain section of society life in Paris picturesque, and who are quite as worthy of the biting wit of Daudet as the exiled royalties.

The "passing to Paris" of General Hippolyte would be observed with pleasure by the authorities of our State and Naval departments in Washington, who charge him with a breach of faith and failure to repay a debt of gratitude. Eighteen months ago Hippolyte was surrounded on the northern shores of the island by the forces of General Légitime, who enjoyed the active sympathy of M. de Sesmaisons in his attempt to usurp the Presidency. Hippolyte would inevitably have been starved into surrender and submission had not Admiral Gherardi, acting under orders of our State Department, declared the blockade of the northern ports of Haiti "illegal, because ineffective." American merchantmen then succeeded in landing arms and other munitions of war, of which Hippolyte made such good use that within a few weeks General Légitime had to pack up his boxes and leave, while Port au Prince hailed Hippolyte as supreme chief of all the Haitians.

In return for these good offices, the State and Navy departments of Washington expected, and claim to have had good reason to expect, the cession of the Môle St. Nicolas as a coaling station for our war vessels. General Hippolyte and his ministers, however, claim to have a very different understanding of the informal negotiations of that time, and the State Department is in receipt of a communication from Minister Firmin in which the cession of the coaling station as requested is categorically refused.

It is only fair to give the Haitian version of the controversy as I find the views of the present government exposed in their newspaper organs.

In a few words, the Haitians claim that we are not seeking to obtain a coaling station, but a military and naval arsenal, occupying the strongest possible position on the island, and to this demand M. Firmin, the Minister of Foreign Affairs, has sent the State Department a curt refusal.



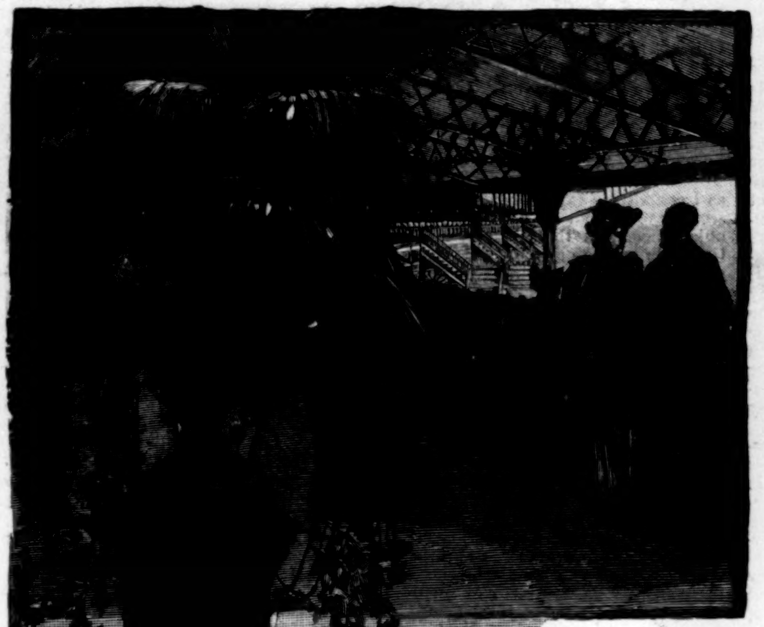
A BIT OF SEVENTH AVENUE, NEW YORK.—Drawn by W. A. Rogers.—[See Page 465.]

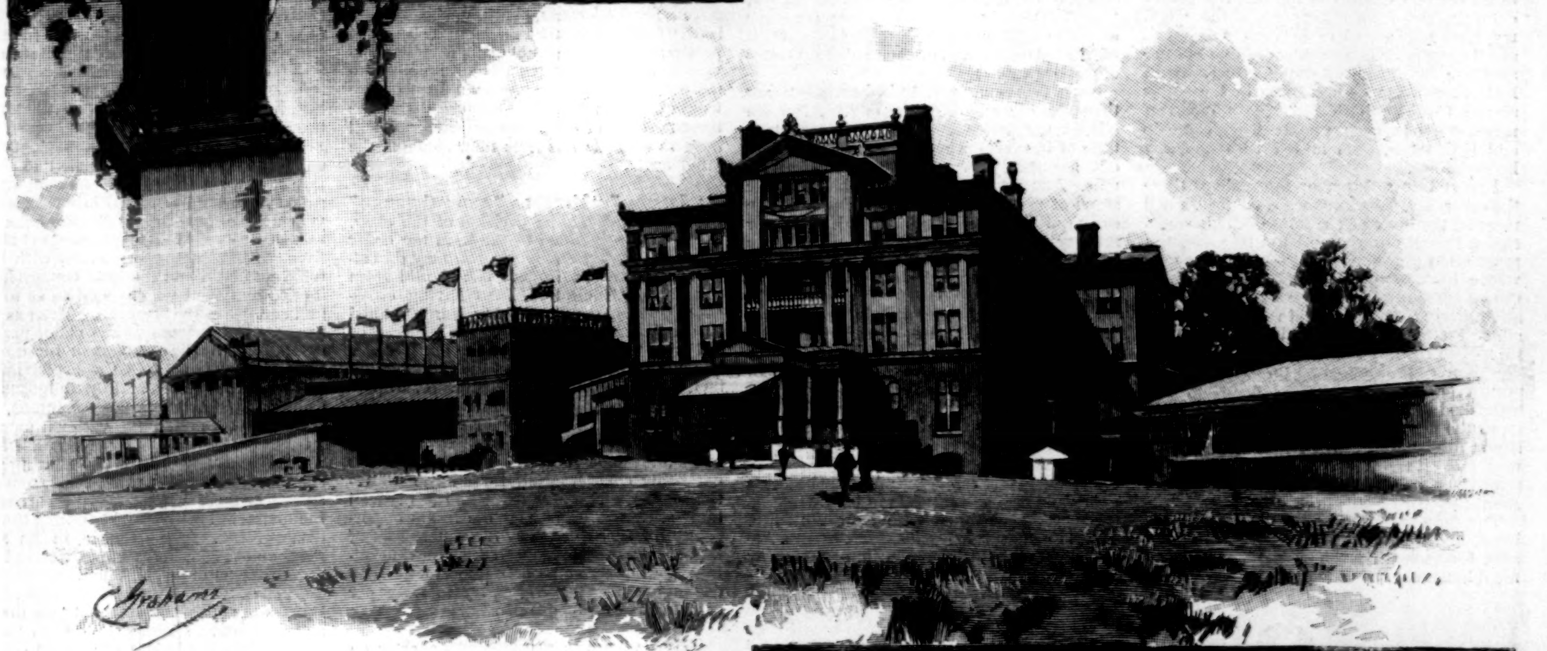
THE CLUB-HOUSE OF THE NEW YORK JOCKEY CLUB.

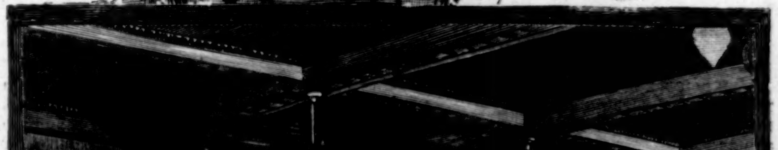
Great credit is due to Mr. John A. Morris for the conception and carrying out of the magnificent club-house of the New York Jockey Club. This house is his crowning work, and makes complete the finest race-course in the country. The idea of Mr. Morris has been high, but the achievement cannot be said to have fallen below the height of perfection aimed at. The club-house at Morris Park, Westchester, is not to be regarded as merely an adjunct to the racing course, but rather on the contrary. The racing season is of comparatively short duration, while the club-house is open all the year. Being only twelve miles from New York City Hall, it is within easy reach of the city by horse or steam, and it is designed to offer members all the attractions of the country, combining the conveniences of a city club with practically unlimited room. One need not be a horseman to enjoy and reap the benefits of the club, and it is also a place where ladies may visit on racing and any other days, and be free from the disagreeable features attendant upon other large clubs of the kind. It is something of a great hotel, run exclusively for the club members. It has been the idea of Mr. Morris and the gentlemen connected with him in the enterprise to adopt the best features of the English racing clubs, which are so great a factor in the social life of that country. One of the most striking things of the grounds is the "free field," where those who are unable to bear the gate expenses may enjoy the races without cost to themselves. This point in itself shows the spirit of those who find in horse-racing a pleasure, and in the public stand everything is done to insure the comfort of everybody. The seats are easy, the betting stand is roomy, while the dirty little sandwich counters and bars of other tracks are displaced by a commodious and attractive restaurant. These are the points which are quickly noticed and appreciated, and which go to show the zeal of the promoters of the course. But it is the club-house and the private grounds that are truly magnificent, and worthy of the highest appreciation and praise.

The house, which was opened about the 1st of June, is attractive by its artistic simplicity. It is after the style of a modern French château, rising five stories above the ground-floor, and all the knowledge and experience of the times have been utilized to render it fire-proof. It is 150 feet in extreme length and 120 feet in depth, containing 65 large rooms, not counting the ballroom.

The portico of the house is Renaissance in design, and opens into a high hallway finished in attractive colors and marbles. To the rear is a smaller square hall, darker in finish, which leads to the ballroom. During race days this is used as a dining-hall, but is always ready for dances and impromptu entertainments. The room is 90 feet long and 60 feet in width, unobstructed from one end to the other by post or pillar. It is a marvel of architecture and decorative art, rich and imposing in appearance. The floor is of polished oak, contrasting with a ceiling that is worked out in heavy bands of gold of Renaissance design. The wainscoting rises six feet, and is of bird's-eye-maple. Above this the wall is Lincrusta Walton, and a deep frieze above this is after Teniers, representing country scenes of festivity. The colors are dark, and have a tapestry effect. The fireplace is most imposing, with its broad polished panels of bird's-eye-maple reaching to the ceiling, while above the mantel are two portions of marble reliefs representing youths dancing, singing, and playing upon musical instruments, after the celebrated work of Luca Della Robbia. This room opens upon a wide piazza, which seats about one thousand people, from whence the members may command a view of the races. To one side of the ballroom is a ladies' reception-room, finished *à la* Japanese. The walls and ceilings are of delicate design, with wide panels of bamboo. The effect is very charming; the colors soft, and harmonizing with the furniture and rugs. From the main hall runs a smoking-room, with panels of green oak, and wall and ceiling of Japanese paper. Here also the harmony is wonderfully preserved, and there is a suggestion of æsthetic comfort in it. On the same floor are several smaller dining-rooms adjacent to the ballroom. On the floor above are the billiard-rooms, finished in appropriate colors, and there are also ten private dining-rooms. These are different in design from one another, appealing to every taste. From these rooms a view of the track is obtained, and a belated party need not forego the pleasures of watching the races while satisfying their hunger. On the second floor and those above the ceilings are low, and the halls are nearly square on all four sides, the walls and ceilings being finished in wood. There are no carpets in the house, rugs being used exclusively, and the enormous proportions of some of the rooms and halls have necessitated the special manufacture of many of the rugs. Through the upper hall a rug 150 feet long and 30 feet wide will extend from end to end, seamless throughout. The 42 bedrooms are also a feature of the house. These are of various sizes for the use of members and their families. The furniture is heavy and simple, and the decorations of each room in perfect taste. Some of these rooms are large enough to serve as reception-rooms, if so desired. The building is lighted by electricity, and all conveniences of a hotel are there to be found. A bowling-alley is also beneath, and perpetual music can be furnished by the mighty orchestrion in the ballroom. This instrument is said to be the largest in the world, and was manufactured at a cost of $15,000. It is 40 feet in length and 10 in depth, and supplied with all varieties of music from the latest waltz to a classical overture. The cuisine and general management of the house are looked after by Mr. Adolph Nelson, who admirably performs the duty. As a club-house, the members of the New York Jockey Club can desire nothing more, and when the general surroundings and advantages are taken into consideration, the verdict must necessarily be one of unqualified admiration.







THE NEW BUILDING OF THE NEW YORK JOCKEY CLUB AT MORRIS PARK.
Drawn by Charles Graham.

A WALK ON SEVENTH AVENUE.

BY DAVID GRAHAM PHILLIPS.

When the knowledge of most New York people as to Seventh Avenue is sifted, it is found to consist in these facts—that Seventh Avenue is wide; that it is empty-looking; that it extends north and south between Sixth and Eighth avenues.

To this positive if narrow information is added an impression or suspicion that Seventh Avenue is in some way not what it ought to be. Whether this lack is dulness or wickedness or uselessness, no one can say. But all are satisfied that Seventh Avenue's obscurity is its own fault, and that more extended knowledge of it would be unprofitable. The fact is, however, that Seventh Avenue is worthy of consideration from the very peculiarities which have made it neglected.

In every city there is one street which is entirely given up to retail trade. Its sidewalks are thronged with men and women promenading and shopping, while between the sidewalks carriage and street cars and wagons laden with the smaller articles of merchandise are involved in a tangle which at times becomes a block. This street is called the main street.

Back from it and parallel with it are several streets, the number being in proportion to the size of the city, which have many of the characteristics of the main street, but have a less degree of activity. The first of these back streets will be nearly like the main street, the next will be less active, and the next will be more nearly a residence street.

This simple and natural arrangement of main street and back streets, with side streets taking color from them, will be found in every American city except New York. Here it does not hold at all.

Broadway may in a certain sense be the main street. But Fifth Avenue is also a main street—the highway of wealth and fashion. Third Avenue is also a main street, and Ninth Avenue. Several cross streets are main streets, each for its own section of this great conglomerate of peoples and tongues.

The reason for this is the fact that Manhattan Island is approached over its surrounding waters from every direction with equal ease and equal force. The inrush of trade makes the heart of the island a vortex in which distinctions of main and side and back streets are almost swallowed up.

In such a swirl it would seem impossible that any long street parallel with the greatest currents of the city should remain calm and undisturbed, should pursue its nonchalant way as a peaceful back street. Yet Seventh Avenue is thus tranquil, and even at the very centre of the whirl—Fourteenth Street to Twenty-third—it is scarcely ruffled.

Seventh Avenue can be explained in one way only. Each of the other long streets has some definite purpose, is the outlet for clearly defined things, and together they form a sufficient outlet for all that is distinctively New York. Seventh Avenue came into existence because distance required a long street between Sixth and Eighth avenues, and therefore to it have drifted people and business enterprises that had no place in the whirl. You will find a little of everything, and not any one thing on a great scale.

Taken by itself, there is nothing except the long and wide vista to suggest that it is a street in a great city. You have to glance over at the towering buildings of Broadway to reassure yourself. Even in the busiest hour of the day the wagons have plenty of room, and rapid progress may be made. This in itself is remarkable when you consider how many of the vehicles that blockade other avenues might more conveniently pass through here. The sidewalks are little crowded when compared with the sidewalks of any other business street. There is an air of indolence and a lack of hurry that is almost like a small town.

When you come to inquire into the kinds of businesses, you find peculiarity there also. Of course saloons abound and thrive, the corners being almost all taken by them; but the three Seventh Avenue businesses are groceries, second-hand clothing shops, and basement shoe shops, where more shoe-mending than shoe-selling is done.

I imagine that if a small man from a small town were to move with his family into New York, he would gravitate to Seventh Avenue and start a grocery. Indeed, it must be that such persons, of moderate prosperity and of much caution, coming in the past from other countries and from other parts of this country, have segregated in Seventh Avenue as small grocers or petty dealers of one kind or another; for Seventh Avenue, crowded with little shops from its beginning in the slums almost to Fifty-ninth Street, is a series of neighborhoods, each pregnant with gossip and tittle-tattle, each dotted with doorway hobnobbings.

I went into a dozen or more shops there the other day. As I opened each door, a bell rang in the back of the house. This sometimes brought the proprietor to view, but more often caused a child to dart from somewhere back to the sidewalk, and call in a grown person from a chattering or argumentative group. Once I could rouse nobody at all, and after I had rapped loudly upon a show-case several times, the man who kept the shop next door came in. He said the proprietor had gone to get a drink, and had asked him to watch the store. "I don't know the price of anything," he added, "but if you do, I might sell it to you. I guess it would be all right." If I had not heard the reminding rumble of an elevated train, I should have forgotten that it was New York.

The shop-keepers all have their families at hand, and generally several other families also, for Seventh Avenue is almost a tenement-house street. It is probable that it does most of the cobbling for the west side. The cobblers and their families live in the basements, and you descend to them, guided by signs at the head of the basement stairs. Business is so leisurely that you will find the cobbler asleep, and the baby whittling his bench with a shoe knife.

The dealers in second-hand clothing are as numerous as the grocers. They are hidden in behind a curtain of "pants" hung across the door. They are sharp at a bargain, but seem to expect less prices than such dealers in other parts of the city. Second-hand clothing shops everywhere have a deserted air; here they seem thoroughly at home.

You can get good groceries cheap in Seventh Avenue, cheaper than anywhere else in the city. So you are not surprised to find in the side streets just off the avenue many boarding-houses where lodging and meals of a respectable but far from luxurious kind are to be had at very low rates. And in these boarding-houses you find the best class of people to whom Seventh Avenue is the outlet. Here are clerks and shop-girls, who are honest, and set great store by their respectability. They have little money to spend; they are not ambitious; they wear "Sunday clothes," and looked dressed up. Those who feel called upon to be tough find it possible to do it cheaply and noisily in the Seventh Avenue saloons. There are back rooms for women, where "gents" are not allowed unaccompanied by ladies, and where they may not smoke.

But the chief life of Seventh Avenue—especially in warm weather—comes from the colored people. They used to promenade in Sixth Avenue, which still bears a name reminiscent of that time, but now they have deserted Sixth Avenue, and make Seventh Avenue gay of summer evenings with their loud laughter and good-natured remarks. They are the chief patrons of the second-hand shops, as the loud patterns of the curtains of "pants" plainly show. You may see some curious costumes on the streets as the result of this patronage and of the exuberant tastes of the negroes.

Seventh Avenue goes to bed early—earlier than any other part of the city. After ten o'clock the policeman has rather a solitary time of it, except when the tough clerks are out harmlessly proclaiming their devilishness. And yet Seventh Avenue has been the scene of many murders. This is due to the early quiet of it, making it a good place for robbery with the aid of the knife and the sand-bag.

There were once many dangerous saloons here, and also some notorious concert halls, but only a few of them remain, and the police do not allow them to disturb the early-slumbering inhabitants. Even the "Tub of Blood" has become fairly decent. There are half-way outbreaks at the frequent balls given by sundry "associations" of not over-savory characters. But neither the associations nor the guests at the balls belong to Seventh Avenue.

As the years pass, Seventh Avenue becomes duller and duller. It seems to be drifting altogether out of touch with New York life. This is a necessary result, for Seventh Avenue is the only lull in the storm—the solitary great "back street."

AMATEVR · SPORT

THE DISCUSSION IN THESE COLUMNS of the rules which will be applied to yachting in this country in the future, begun some weeks ago, must necessarily be deferred temporarily, from the pressure of the racing events, but will be resumed at an early date.

THE RESULT COMING from the sharp division now existing between the racing and non-racing boats—the practical exclusion of the owners of the latter from the excitement and interest of racing—is a matter which has engaged the earnest attention of those interested in the future of the sport, and various remedies have been suggested. In my opinion, relief must be sought in the direction of "Cruisers' Races" and "Handicaps," which latter are in this country at present an almost unknown quantity. The Eastern Yacht Club at its spring regatta made an effort (not especially successful) in this direction. This partial failure arose, not from any lack of good-will or intent, but from a lack of the knowledge of the conditions necessary to be applied to insure successful handicaps.

Handicaps were first brought prominently forward in England in 1875 (by the Isle of Purbeck Yacht Club). They arose (as now in this country) from the necessities of the situation, the club, on organization, embracing boats of great diversity of tonnage and model, and it being difficult to class them for club races satisfactorily. An examination of the English Yachting Annual for 1876 shows but eleven handicaps sailed in all England during the preceding year, of which five were given by the I. O. P. Y. C. The rules adopted by that club, as necessary to insure successful handicaps, have stood the test of time, and in substance are in force to-day. A member of the committee which assisted in preparing the rules has drawn up in detail, at the request of the Corinthian Yacht Club of New York, for the club book on "Routine" just issued, a set of standard rules for handicaps. The necessity for each of the provisions thereof having been shown by experience, compliance with them should result in successful races. With a view to affording opportunity for a fair trial for handicaps in these waters, I append them.

STANDARD RULES FOR HANDICAP MATCHES OF THE CORINTHIAN YACHT CLUB OF NEW YORK.

I. Handicaps must be limited to yachts belonging to the club giving the match.

II. The handicapper or handicappers must be a member or members of the club.

III. The handicapper or handicappers shall have entire control and management of the match.

IV. Handicaps shall be open to yachts of any rig.

V. The class or classes embraced in handicaps should have wide limits as to size of boats, viz.: If classed by tonnage—1, under 10 tons; 2, 10 tons to 50 tons; 3, 50 tons to 100 tons; 4, over 100 tons. (*b.*) If classed by l. w. l.—1, under 30 feet; 2, 30 feet to 60 feet; 3, 60 feet to 100 feet; 4, over 100 feet. (*c.*) If classed by "sailing length"—1, 25 feet and under; 2, over 25 feet and under 50 feet; 3, over 50 feet and under 80 feet; 4, over 80 feet and under 120 feet; 5, over 120 feet.

VI. Handicap fees of $5 00 per boat shall be charged (except in the first class, for which the fee shall be $2 50), and be distributed among the non-amateur members of the crew of the winning boat in the class.

VII. The handicapper or handicappers must prepare, *on the day preceding the match*, three scales of allowances—for light, moderate, and hard weather—and place them in sealed envelopes, marking the envelopes correspondingly.

VIII. The handicapper or handicappers shall give no information concerning the allowances to any person.

IX. The start shall be a "single gun" start.

X. *Immediately* after the starting-gun the handicapper or handicappers must destroy, unopened, two of the three scales of allowances, retaining the one judged best suited to the weather, without breaking the seal, until the last yacht competing has finished the course.

XI. Handicappers must have no personal interest in any yacht sailing in a match under their direction.

XII. The scale of allowances replaces all time allowances and all deductions for differences of rig.

XIII. Protests *must* be delivered in writing, addressed to the Sailing Committee of the club, within twenty-four hours after completing the course, and the sum of $15 00 must be lodged with any protest, to be absolutely forfeited to the use of the club if the protest be held by the Sailing Committee on examination to be frivolous or vexations.

YACHTING INTEREST IN THIS COUNTRY unquestionably centres to-day in the 46-foot class, and while it may seem rash to prophesy among so many new boats, I am strongly of the impression that at the end of the season it will be found that in the final test—prize-winning—they will stand approximately as follows, for the reasons here given: At the head of the class I should bracket *Nautilus* and *Barbara*. An examination of the published sheer plan and midship section of *Nautilus* indicates a marked similarity of design to *Minerva* and *Yarma*, but with a somewhat greater proportionate beam, and, of course, with (over *Minerva*) great advantage in lightness of construction. It could hardly fail that so skilful a designer as Wintringham should have been impressed with the embodiment of theory exhibited before his eyes in the hull of *Yarma*—constructed by him on Fife, Jun.'s, designs last year—with the great similarity between this boat and *Minerva*, and with the unparalleled record of *Yarma* last season on the lakes. If *Nautilus*, as I confidently expect, is at the end of the season at the head of the class, it will be an object-lesson in the advantages of "free trade" in yachts and designs which should of itself defeat any such legislation as Senator Fry's proposed bill.

"BARBARA" I BRACKET WITH "NAUTILUS," for Fife, who is very wide awake, has put into her more "American ideas" than he did in *Minerva*. The statement that *Minerva* embraces "American ideas" is not mere patriotism; even casual inspection shows a wide departure from the lines of corresponding English boats—say "ten-raters." *Barbara* also, her sailing length being about 54 feet, will receive a very considerable amount of time from the exponents of "power" in the class, which should enable her to win. In this respect *Nautilus* is also a gainer, the smaller sail plan being possible by reason of her finer lines. Next in the class I should be inclined to place *Gloriana* and *Sayonara*. *Gloriana*, possibly, because she is partly an unknown quantity; and *Sayonara* partly from the admirable way in which she will doubtless be sailed (which amounts to more in the smaller classes than most people would credit), and partly because she is the most modern of the Burgess boats, and will have to concede less time than some of the other boats.

"JESSICA," "MINEOLA," AND "OWEENE" should fill the middle division of the class, and, as I am inclined to think, in the order named, though possibly *Mineola* may do better than *Jessica*, as indeed she should from lighter construction (*Jessica* having crossed the ocean), and from her being "sailed harder." *Alborak*, with her 4700 feet of sail area, must give time to the entire class. Whether she can do it, if, as is probably the fact, she needs all her motive power to propel her "power" (so-called), may be doubted. This leaves *Uvira* and *Beatrix* unplaced. Of these, *Uvira should* be the last of the class. Time allowance is universally recognized as not being compensation for shorter water-line length. The accepted rule is, as is well known, that within economic limits opportunity for speed varies as the square root of l. w. l. As is equally well known, time allowance replaces only a fraction of this disadvantage (varying from fifty to sixty per cent. in the different clubs).

"UVIRA" BEING THREE FEET shorter on the water-line than the others in the class, they should certainly dispose of her easily. It is, however, more than doubtful whether they can do so. *Uvira's* corrected measurement is (somewhat under) 50 feet; *Alborak* will figure out (say) 57 feet, and *Oweene's* sailing length will be (about) 55 feet (with her 4000 feet sail area). These differences represent, over a 25-mile course, the following time allowances: by both the N. Y. Y. C. and the Seawanhaka rules, 6 minutes 43 seconds, and 4 minutes 57 seconds respectively; and by the Eastern and C. Y. C. of N. Y. rules, 7 minutes 44 seconds, and 5 minutes 41 seconds respectively. In my opinion, she will make a close race for the high-powered boats. *Beatrix*, the only centre-boarder, carries a weight of responsibility. It may be fairly assumed that she represents all that is best in the centre-board model. Her designer (Mr. Burgess) stands at the head of the world as a designer in the large centre-board classes. His skill in the past has permitted our retention of the great international yacht trophy; but I think that Mr. Burgess himself would shrink from predicting in what position among his four representatives in the 46-foot racing class *Beatrix* will finish the season. In light airs, very possibly, she will finish near the top of the class, and she may surprise us all by beating Mr. Burgess's keel boats.

THE GROWTH OF YACHTING in this country is, to say the least, extraordinary as well as interesting. I have recently looked over the first number of Fox's Yachting Annual (New York, 1872). Curiously enough, he begins his brief preface with the words, "The growth of yachting in the United States." His list embraces 401 boats, hailing all the way from Portland to San Francisco. The particulars given comprise one item which to-day we hardly consider necessary to note—"No. of men"—though it is interesting to see that the *Columbia* (Lester Wallack) carried a crew of 31, all told, while *Bluebell* (Edward Burgess), designed, *mirabile dictu*, by Herreshoff, was content with a crew of 2. The dimensions of *Bluebell* (a c. b. cat) are not uninteresting. She had a water-line length of 15 feet, a beam of 6 feet 6 inches, and a draught of 1 foot 1 inch. To take up a boat of that day corresponding as near as may be with the 46's of to-day, and compare her dimensions, we find, *Narragansett*, keel sloop; owner, F. G. Dexter; port, Boston; l. w. l., 45 feet 7 inches; beam, 15 feet 8 inches; draught, 5 feet 5 inches. She was built in 1859, by Van Duzen, altered in 1870, and carried a crew of 5 men. Compare her with *Alborak*, with her water-line differing probably by not more than 1 inch, she had 1 foot 6 inches more beam, and drew 4 feet 9 inches less water. Again, *Orion* (c. b. sloop)—owner, J. W. Cooper; port, New York; builder, Herreshoff—was 46 feet on the water-line, had a 15-foot beam, drew 4 feet 8 inches, and carried a crew of 3 men. Compare her with Mr. Burgess's last centre-board creation, *Beatrix*, their water-line lengths being practically the same; *Beatrix* has an extreme beam of 1 foot 1 inch greater, and a water-line breadth of 11 inches greater, and draws 2 feet 10 inches more water.

THE YACHT CLUBS at that time furnishing particulars were 24 in number, Portland, Pensacola, and San Francisco being the limits of their locations. Contrast this with the American yacht list as it appears to-day (I take the volume for 1889, which comes first to hand). The boats of which particulars are given therein number 2955, and the yacht clubs are 95 in number (not to mention six ice-yacht clubs). Of a truth, it may be said that the "great sport" has held its own in the past twenty years.

LITTLE BY LITTLE, I note, the other clubs have adopted or are adopting the various improvements in the detail of yacht-racing which were introduced and have been consistently advocated by the Corinthian Yacht Club (the last-comer in the yacht-racing field in these waters) from its formation. Club programmes are now the more attractive from appearing in the colors of the respective clubs. Copying the well-known "Corinthian Red," the Seawanhaka now use blue, and the Atlantic (this year for the first time) red, though, perhaps, through courtesy, they might have left it to the Corinthians. Charts, also, of the courses to be sailed have been supplied last year and this year by the Eastern and Seawanhaka clubs to competitors. Single-gun starts ("starting flying") is being experimented with by the different clubs, and the local courses in New York Bay have been changed so as to begin and end below the Narrows. Even as we go to press, the Seawanhaka is about passing a resolution allowing one man for each ten feet of water-line to be a professional in amateur races. Last, and by no means least, as heretofore noted in these columns, "sailing length," under its various names of "rating," "corrected measurement," "sailing rating," and "racing length," is being gradually accepted and adopted. Moreover, restrictions upon the sails to be carried, and the manner of setting and handling them, are disappearing. The Atlantic, in its special races on the 23d, for example, waives its rule regarding club-topsails, and suspends its "cruising trim" allowances. That all these things are improvements is not to be doubted, and that credit should be given to the club with which they originated would seem but fair.

MUST I THIS YEAR again tell the same old story of the Yale-Harvard boat-race at New London? It looks very much like it. Last Saturday I went down to New London to have a look at the crews at work on the Thames. I saw enough of Yale's eight to convince me that confidence in its work is not misplaced. As a whole, the crew impressed me as being the finest I had ever seen on the river. Rowing a long swinging stroke, so finished in style and backed by so much power that it gave one the impression of calling for little effort, the Yale crew sent its shell along at a rapid rate. The oars entered the water in a vicious manner, and were swept through cleanly and in almost perfect time; leaving the water without a splash, they seemed to jump toward the bow of the boat. Then, as if regretting so much haste, they moved more slowly until the full reach, where, with a little toss, they became "faced," and were ready to enter the water again. It was a pretty sight, and a convincing argument that the rumors of fast time made at New Haven were not far from correct. The body work, with the exception of No. 2, was everything that could be desired. The hands were shot away quickly, but under perfect control, and were well followed up by the back and shoulders. The last part of the recover was slow, and the slides were never allowed to rush.

THE WATERMANSHIP OF THE CREW is clean, and seldom any water flies from the oars. To sum it all up, there was little to criticise and much to praise. One thing, however, did impress me unfavorably, and that was the movement of the shell. It did not appear to respond as quickly as it should have. There is no doubt but that the Yale crew is poorly boated this year. For such heavy men the shell they are rowing in at present is by no means what it should be. That the men are rowing fast there can be no question, but if they were properly boated, it would make a great difference in the way the shell is driven through the water. There is now a tendency to bury the bow at every catch. The crew is rowing essentially the same stroke it had last year, but there is more strength and beef in the boat. The men are all in the pink of condition, with the exception, possibly, of Gould, who has had a temporary illness, and seem confident of victory. They have every reason to be, for, barring accidents, I don't see how they can be defeated; and with such men as Cook, Bolton, and Rogers to keep them up to their work, there is not much danger of their confidence being allowed to diminish their zeal. Conditions favorable, I shall expect to see the record broken when the day of the great race comes.

Several experiments were tried in the Yale boat during the last week of rowing at New Haven. Not only was Simms given a little chance again to stroke, in Gould's absence, but the bow received changes as well. Balliet pulled for a time at 2, and Simms had a try at bow. The boat went very well too, but the effect on the casual observer was really more favorable than the hard facts of rowing would carry to the eyes of an oarsman, though Simms's oar lent a most graceful finish to the crew as it came toward one, which has been noticeably wanting in the green bow oars. Balliet was pulling well, notwithstanding his short stature, and whenever Captain Brewster needs a substitute up forward, he can count on this man being in good trim. He is older and of more seasoned timber than is usual in college crews. It would not surprise me if this proved to be the final order, though Mills is stronger than Crosby—stronger than Simms, if he had as much knowledge of how to apply his force—and he is far better in height and reach than Balliet. He may learn to control his slide before race day.

Despite my criticism on Simms as a stroke, he is a first-class oar at No. 2. He might have just a bit more muscular energy and put a pound or two more into his sweep, but he could hardly do better in regard to form and time than he does now. Ely has improved in time, and thanks to steady and prolonged appeals from the coach, he has dropped many of his old faults, particularly that of getting in late. His blade now goes into the water with the others, and he keeps his slide under him well. Heffelfinger towers above the other men in the boat and pulls with great power, but he is by no means an ideal oar. He drops his shoulder and screws himself around in the boat. He has learned well how to take hold of the water and then put his shoulders on. Be sure he has a good oar, Mr. Cook, or there may be some swearing at Donahue if Yale should try another seven-oared race. Besides, Heffelfinger could never get overboard from No. 5 as Phil. Allen did from stroke; and think of a 210-lb. passenger! Paine is not the flabby boy who went to Philadelphia in April. His flesh looks hard and firm, he works with a steady determination, though not much dash, and will make an oar similar in that respect to Ferris. Inboard, I like his work better than Heffelfinger's.

Brewster still settles as though he had the weight of more than the heaviest Yale crew on his shoulders, but apart from this his work is, as that of such a veteran should be, excellent. Hagerman and Cook are trying to see if their united efforts cannot dispel the wraith of Charlie Courtney, which still hovers about the ex-Cornellian and plays hobs with his catch. When the boat goes slow and the stroke is kept down, Cook and Hagerman are too much for the Ithaca ghost, but when they begin to hit her up, Courtney shows up every time. If Harvard makes you go fast enough, we'll see Cornell rowing at No. 7, Captain Brewster. Gould is stroking more and more like Allen every day, and if he can only get a little more snap into his work, will make a worthy successor to last year's captain. There is, of course, always the chance that a new man may lose his head in a race, but Gould seems as little likely to do that as any new oar.

While everything goes so well with Yale on the Thames, matters at the Harvard quarters are assuming a serious and sure-to-be-defeated aspect. The misfortunes which have befallen the Harvard crew this season have been enough certainly to discourage any eight. The inability to secure Bancroft as coach was a damper at the outset. The death of Shaw left a place in the boat which could not be filled. The refusal of Cranston to row deprived the crew of much-needed strength, and now, owing to the accident to Captain Perkins, the crew at this late hour finds itself unsettled as to who will stroke. Powers, who took Perkins's seat when the latter twisted his arm two weeks ago, will probably fill the position, and Perkins, if his arm permits, will probably go in at No. 2, all of which is bad, very, for Perkins was doing fine work at stroke, and seemed destined to make a name for himself. The only fortunate thing which has happened is the presence of Mr. Keyes at New London. He went down with the crew, and will probably remain with it to the day of the race. If anybody can shake the men together, he can, as I have already written many times.

In the face of every discouragement, however, the crew has made rapid progress the past two weeks. Powers and Kelton are working together, and all the men have greatly improved since I saw them last. The time is much better, and the stroke longer. There are still many defects in the rigging, but these will be remedied in good season. Powers has a bad habit of raising his shoulders on the stroke, but in other respects he is doing surprisingly well, considering the short time he has been in the stroke seat. Kelton, Lynam, and Newell are all doing good work, and have greatly improved in style and finish. Vail is looking a little fine, but with care he will be able to do his share on the day of the race. Cummings is slow both at the catch and at the finish; he does not seem to realize the fact that the day of the race is close at hand. Watriss and Rantoul are doing fairly well, but they are not at all what we expect to find in a 'varsity shell. The crew hangs badly at the full reach, and apparently lacks endurance, for after rowing two or three miles, old faults begin to be seen, and the shell is seldom if ever on its keel.

In skill, strength, and endurance the Yale crew is far ahead of Harvard's. There is actually no comparison between the two on form to-day (Sunday). Yale should win the race easily, but whether she will or not remains to be seen. The presence of Keyes at New London has had a good effect upon Harvard, and the men are working as they never worked before. If they improve as rapidly this week as last, they will yet give Yale a good race. It will be high tide about three o'clock on the 26th, and as the water at that hour is generally pretty rough, there is a chance of the race being called at eleven in the morning, and rowed up stream instead of down. If this is decided upon, the two crews will toss up for courses. As it is now, Harvard has the east.

Probably the most notable feature of the lawn-tennis season thus far has been the continued success of young Mr. E. L. Hall. Close observers of the game noticed his great improvement last year, and more than one then predicted that his elder brother, V. G. Hall, would be compelled to yield to him during the present season. These predictions have already been verified, for not only did the younger brother give the elder a sound beating in their only meeting—during the tournament at Washington—but, in addition, his record throughout the season has been far better. That the previous victories of young Mr. Hall have not been flukes was demonstrated last week, when he succeeded in winning the Tuxedo invitation tournament from such strong adversaries as O. S. Campbell, A. E. and M. R. Wright, S. T. Chase, A. W. Post, and V. G. Hall. True, he did not directly defeat Mr. Campbell, but most of the players were disposed to give him just as much credit for winning from Mr. A. E. Wright, when the latter was fresh from his victory over the champion. Campbell's defeat by Wright was the sensation of a most successful tournament. I have never before seen the latter exhibit so much pluck and endurance. It has long been his ambition to defeat Campbell, and while he has almost always succeeded in making a close fight, I think I am correct in stating that, of their many meetings, last week's was the only one in which he has been the victor.

E. L. Hall met his first defeat of the season, and the champion not only regained some of his lost laurels, but also showed that the practice of the week was fast bringing him into form, in the handicap tournament which immediately followed the scratch event at Tuxedo. The champion, placed at scratch, was compelled to owe half fifteen and concede half fifteen more to such good men as the Wright and Hall brothers and S. T. Chase. That he should have succeeded in defeating M. R. Wright and V. G. Hall at such heavy odds is rather surprising, and I am inclined to think that the latter player has fallen off rather than improved in his play since last year. Campbell's defeat by the younger Hall, the same odds being conceded, was even more to the champion's credit, for the match was so close that the slightest piece of luck might easily have turned the scale either way. Three sets were played, and the final figures in favor of Hall were 4—6, 9—7, 9—7. Hall and S. T. Chase came together in the final round of the handicap, and as they met on even terms, the latter must be warmly congratulated on his victory. The doubles were not nearly so interesting as the singles, though I was very much surprised at the good stand made by Chase and Deane Miller against V. G. Hall and Campbell in the final round. Hall and Campbell were the champions in doubles in 1888, but have not played together since their defeat by Taylor and Slocum in 1889. Their play last week was rather ragged, but they succeeded in winning from Miller and Chase in a five-set match.

The Orange Lawn Tennis Club tournament, also played last week, can hardly be called an unqualified success. An unfortunate conflict of dates with the Tuxedo Club deprived Orange of the presence of several of the "star" players, any one of whom might have made an interesting fight with Clarence Hobart for the club challenge cup, which is now the property of that player by virtue of victories in three successive years. The Orange club is certainly unfortunate in its contests for this cup, for, if I remember rightly, one of Hobart's victories was won by default from A. E. Wright, and last week's contest with Richard Stevens was little more than a walk-over. To an old-timer the growing absence of interest in the tournament at Orange is quite painful, for in past years these same grounds at Mountain Station were the scene of the most brilliant contests of the season. The "crack" players were accustomed to look upon the spring and fall tournaments of the club as events only second in interest to the championship meeting at Newport. Last week the one interesting feature was the match in the final round of ladies' singles between Miss Cahill and Mrs. Fellows Morgan. No one suspected that Mrs. Morgan was capable of playing such a game; and although Miss Cahill won the match, it was only after two hard-fought deuce and vantage sets, and I heard more than one spectator say that Mrs. Morgan, although beaten, showed every bit as much skill as her famous adversary. Miss Cahill's victory was her second for the club challenge cup. She must win it once more before it becomes her own property.

It is to regretted that two such prominent members of the National Association as the New York and Orange lawn tennis clubs should entirely disregard a new and important rule adopted by the Association at the last annual convention. I refer to Rule 36, which requires the presence of a referee at every tournament given under the auspices of the Association. As it happens, both of these clubs are fortunate in possessing executive officers who are competent and capable of managing a tournament, but all clubs are not so happily situated. The rule is a good one, and it seems a pity that it should become a dead letter on account of an entire disregard of its provisions by two such prominent clubs.

Mr. J. T. Clark was defeated again in this year's contest for the championship of the Philadelphia District. His conqueror was Mr. C. T. Lee, who was in turn defeated by Mr. M. D. Smith, the latter thus retaining the championship.

This week some of the "crack" players are struggling for the New England championship at New Haven. The Hudson River Association tournament attracts others.

Among the players of the gentler sex there is already great excitement over the championship contest at Philadelphia next week. This brings to mind the rule recently made regarding two-minute rests to be permitted in the championships for women. Heretofore the lack of ruling in this matter has more than once placed a player in a decidedly embarrassing position. For instance, I have seen two girls in a contest—very evenly matched in play, perhaps—battle over a set until the one of less strength, seeing defeat staring her in the face, asked for a cessation of play until she was rested. Her opponent knew perfectly well that "rest" meant possibly a change in the fortune of the game, and yet could not very well refuse. This is by no means fair. There is no out-door game into which endurance does not enter largely; it is part of one's form to be able to last, and it is perfectly silly to stop play in order that one of the contestants may rest. Reducing the matter to "two-minute" rests is an improvement, but not good enough. There should be no rests at all; and women who cannot last a match should remain at home, and amuse themselves on a lawn. Fancy a man stopping mid-distance of a boat-race to rest!

For the first time in a number of years—about ten, I believe—Princeton on Saturday defeated Yale in the final game for the base-ball championship, score 5 to 2, winning, as this column last week said she would, by heavy batting. In point of good ball the game was not so good as either of the two preceding games. In fact, the best game of the series was the opening one at New Haven, where, until King made his high throw to Dana, and let in Yale's runners and rattled Princeton, beautiful playing was the rule. The game Saturday was characterized by extremely brilliant plays and abominable errors on the side of Princeton. Yale put up a steady strong game, fielding beautifully, though Case misjudged a fly that might have saved a base or two. There were a couple of rank decisions by the umpire, especially when Calhoun was called out on strikes on a ball that I doubt if he could have reached with his bat; but honors were easy, for Princeton suffered equally, at least one man being given first on balls when he should have been called out on strikes. Brokaw put up the best game behind the bat he has shown this year, and appeared a bit more like the Brokaw of last year, but his throwing is enough to break one's heart; three times there is no knowing what would have become of Princeton's chance for victory had not Durell and Dana been remarkably clever in stopping his throws.

King likewise gave Dana an extremely difficult ball to handle, but the Princeton first-baseman was equal to it, his fielding of this and Brokaw's unsightly toss being as pretty work as could be seen on any field. On the other hand, Dana made a couple of woful errors. In fact, Princeton made six errors, while Yale made but two, and of these, strange to relate, Poole, the best back stop in intercollegiate base-ball, committed one. Poole, by-the-way, was not in his best form, allowing one man to steal second on him—an unusual occurrence. McClung played like a veteran, and Bowers was strong and steady under an incessant bombardment of Sis! Boom! Ah's! He is a good man, and has done well by old Yale; that he should not have struck out more men is due chiefly to the fact that he has had extremely strong batters to serve. Young played a great game for Princeton; some of his pitching was simply marvellous, though it did not average as high as that in either of the other two games. He made a beautiful play in an out at first, and batted a home run. King played a good game, making a very brilliant running catch of a difficult fly back of third. The wisdom of Captain Dana in retaining Knickerbocker at short despite criticism, has been shown in the championship series. He has put up a good consistent game, fielding sharply and without error. Ramsdell, though not seen until the second game, has begun his base-ball career—he is a Freshman—in a most auspicious manner. Murphy played a better game at short in the Yale-Crescent than Saturday, due to the fact of his being laid up awhile, and being sent to the outer field.

Before dismissing the subject for the season, I must congratulate Captain Calhoun on the masterly manner in which he has handled his men. Starting with material that was not particularly promising, he developed it so well as to make a hard and uncertain fight with probably one of the strongest college nines we have ever seen. The fielding of Yale has been fine throughout the series. Captain Dana likewise deserves praise for the excellent way he has held his team down. It is a question whether it is more difficult to develop green men who are willing and eager to learn, or to handle veterans, several of them stars, and all of them with a very large and deeply seated opinion of their own prowess.

First polo week of the season is never very interesting, the men being in only fair form, and the one finished on Saturday at Meadow Brook has been no especial exception, save for the unexpected showing made by the Westchester Country Club team. On Monday they met the Rockaway second team, and simply played all around them, making 17 goals to their opponents' 4¼. In justice to Rockaway, it is only fair to say that not one of the team was in any kind of form. Westchester, on the other hand, showed exceptional strength, every man playing up to his form, to say nothing of the sleeper Bates, who, being an unknown quantity, had no handicap, and proved to be the best man on the team. Wednesday the Westchester team (handicapped 12 goals) met the first Rockaway, which gave them 28 goals. This was the closest and hardest game of the week, the latter winning by only a quarter goal. Naturally, of course, the Rockaways did not show up in last year's form, while the Westchester men were somewhat cocky over Monday's victory. Keene, though off in form, played a strong game, and Cheever made several very brilliant runs. Both Cowdin and Rutherford played steady—their strong point, by-the-way, for they can always be depended upon. Rutherford particularly is very strong on back-hand strokes, and played a beautiful game at "back" on Wednesday. For Westchester Beeckman played a strong game—much better than on Monday. Potter, who is always good, showed some tip-top head-work. Bates's star appeared to have lost considerable of its Monday effulgence, and at times he was quite rattled.

Thursday brought Meadow Brook handicap (24 goals) and Essex (19 goals) together in a game, the only interesting features of which were Hitchcock's several brilliant runs and all-round play, and the very steady and safe work of Robinson. In fact, these two about played the game for their respective sides, though Belmont carried the ball once or twice with his old-time cleverness, and Bird gave occasional glimpses of what he can do when in form. None of the Meadow Brooks were in form; but Winthrop was altogether out of it, and made some execrable misses. For Essex, Robinson overshadowed the rest; he is a sure player, true on the ball, and always safe to be depended on. Farr once or twice did something worth noting, but it only emphasized the mediocre work that predominated. Collier certainly worked hard enough, playing a hurrah game that is not apt to make goals. Meadow Brook scored 11¼ goals—whitewashing Essex. On Saturday, first Rockaway and Meadow Brook game together for the finals in the Hempstead Handicap cups, in the fastest game of the week, and the latter won by their handicap. Both teams showed greatly improved form over that in the first of the week. Each team earned 4¾ goals. Rutherford and Cheever played exceptionally strong, and Belmont made a goal after a brilliant run. This week the Herbert trophies are being played for at the Country Club of Westchester, and the week following takes us to Essex.

At the Essex County Country Club:

June 22d, 5 P.M.—Meadow Brook Club against Country Club of Westchester.

June 23d, 3 P.M.—Philadelphia Country Club against Essex County Country Club.

Same day, 5 P.M.—First against second team of the Rockaway Club.

Caspar W. Whitney.

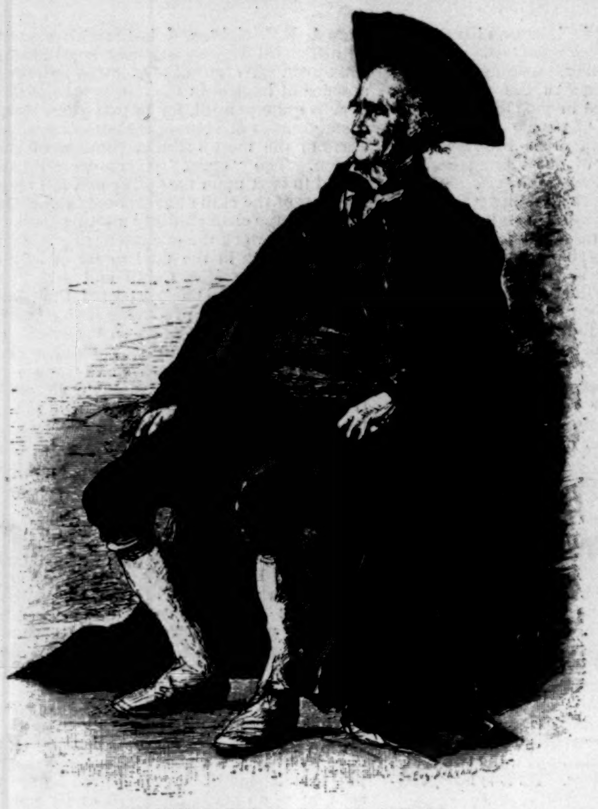
MONACO.

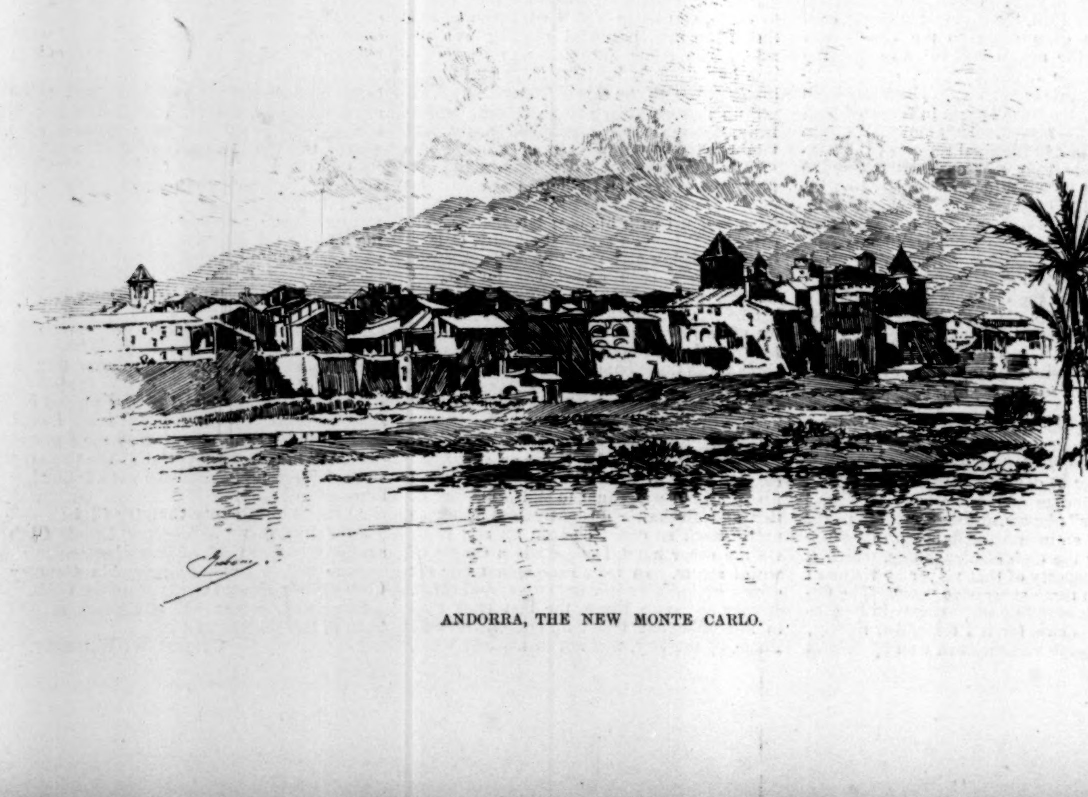
ELEVEN months hence, namely, on the 16th of April, 1892, the great gambling establishment at Monaco will close its doors forever. On that day the agreement between the government of the principality and the world-famed hell of Monte Carlo expires, and there is not the remotest chance of its being renewed. It was the knowledge of the present ruler's determined attitude in the matter which has alone prevented the French government from availing itself of its position as suzerain power to take immediate steps toward the suppression of this plague-spot of Europe—steps which both President Grévy and President Carnot have repeatedly been urged to adopt, not only by popular sentiment, but also by nearly every one of the great monarchies of the Old World. Russia, Germany, Italy, and Great Britain have been particularly pressing in their applications to the Paris government to put a stop to the scandal; and it may safely be averred that Queen Victoria would never have condescended to pay such marked and gracious attention during her recent stay at Grasse to the Prince and Princess of Monaco had she not received satisfactory assurances concerning the approaching close of the gambling palace at Monte Carlo. On the occasion of her former stays in the south of France the strict and stern old lady had indignantly refused the bouquets and baskets of flowers sent to her by the late Prince Charles III., whereas this spring she not only received the reigning Prince and Princess at Grasse with all the honors due to sovereigns, but even went so far as to send, first, her ambassador, the Earl Lytton, and a day later her daughter, Princess Beatrice, with Prince Battenberg, to return the visit at Monte Carlo.

Prince Albert, whose marriage a couple of years ago with the enormously wealthy widow the Duchesse de Richelieu, a daughter of the New Orleans and Parisian banker Heine, has enabled him to dispense with the $600,000 annually contributed toward the civil list of the sovereign of Monaco by the management of the Monte Carlo Casino, has already notified the latter that he has no intention of renewing the lease, and accordingly M. Blanc, and his two brothers-in-law, "Prince" Roland Bonaparte and Prince Constantine Radzivoile, who are the principal share-holders of the Casino company, have already perfected their arrangements for the transfer of their operations to Andorra, the little Pyrenean republic on the Franco-Spanish frontier line. Under their auspices a company entitled the Cercle des Étrangers d'Andorra (the Strangers' Club of Andorra) has been successfully floated at Paris, and no less than forty thousand $100 shares have already been disposed of at a heavy premium. All the plans for the new buildings at Andorra have been perfected, and to those who are acquainted with the French Riviera it may be of interest to learn that the new theatre designed for Andorra is an exact reproduction of the theatre on the Jetty promenade at Nice.

It was not until after much hesitation that the syndicate owning the Monte Carlo Casino concession decided upon Andorra as the scene of their future operations. They had previously endeavored to secure an abiding-place for their roulette, their trente-et-quarante, and their rouge-et-noir tables in several other parts of Europe—including Valduz, the capital of the little principality of Liechtenstein; San Marino, the tiny republic in northern Italy; at Saxons-les-Bains; at Aix-les-Bains; and even at Belgrade and Sofia. Everywhere, however, their overtures were rejected, and after discussing the rival merits of Tangier and Andorra, they finally decided in favor of the latter.

Andorra has been an independent republic since the days of Charlemagne, who, in the year 778, confirmed the rights, privileges, and freedom of "the valleys and sovereignties of Andorra." The territory comprises about 160 square miles, and the population numbers about 6000. It is governed by a council of twenty-four members, elected for four years by four heads of families in each parish. The council elect a first and second syndic, or mayor, to preside and to wield the executive power. The costume of these two dignitaries is of a character to strike awe into the hearts of those who may eventually visit the little republic for the purpose of trying their luck at the gambling-tables. It is composed of silver-buckled shoes, blue stockings, red garters, gray knee-breeches, broad scarlet sash, black cloak, catalan cap, and a gigantic black cocked hat perched on top of the cap. They take their oath of office by laying their left hand on the sacred "Books of the Valley"—the *Digestium* and the *Politar*—in which the history, the traditions, the laws, and the customs of the ancient republic are hopelessly jumbled together. The primitive character of the people may be estimated by the fact that the salary and allowances of the first syndic—the chief magistrate of the republic—amount to the magnificent sum of sixty pesetas, or about twelve dollars, per annum.


HIS HONOR THE MAYOR OF ANDORRA,
WHOSE OFFICIAL SALARY IS TWELVE DOLLARS A YEAR.


ANDORRA, THE NEW MONTE CARLO.

THE POET AND THE BIRD.

"Do you ne'er think what wondrous beings these
Whose household words are songs in many keys,
Sweeter than instrument of man e'er caught,
Whose habitations in the tree-tops even
Are half-way houses on the road to heaven?"

THE poet, the birds' next of kin, is their best interpreter. Shakespeare's messenger of morn and Milton's solemn bird of night began the song that all the poets' birds from Thompson to our own Longfellow are singing now. The lark at heaven's gate that sang for Shakespeare, and the other whose note "startled the dull night from his watch-tower in the skies," waking grave Milton from celestial dreams, seem to have added a new glory to morning, and set the key for all the larks that have sung since. The nightingale that pleased the silence of that wonderful night in "Paradise Lost" still floods us with sorrow and delight, and wins from us the cry of Rossetti:

"Oh, herald sky-lark,
stay thy flight
one moment!
Leave us to-night
the nightingale!"

And the moon and bird add a more tender significance to the night.

My little wood-thrush was only an humble American cousin of the thrush that gladdened the English hedges in Spenser's time and the mavis of gentle Chaucer. He never saw the green shores of Shakespeare's England, nor heard the plaintive anthem of the nightingale, "most musical, most melancholy."

He could not even fly, having been born with a crippled wing. Now flight is as much a part of the wood bird as perfume is of the blossom, so it is not strange that the wind mocked his feeble note and the blossoms heard it with pity. Some day they knew the wind would scatter them like snow-flakes on the unfriendly ground, yet they said, "It is better to be a blossom which falls and dies to-morrow than a little brown thrush with a crippled wing."

On the edge of the woods where the thrush's nest lay stood the poet's house. He was blind. But he sang so that men wondered as they listened, and said, "He is like the nightingale, whose strains are sweetest when she sings with her breast against a thorn."

Still the blossoms bent pityingly above his head when he walked through the leafy forest paths, and whispered softly to each other, "Better to see the sunlight and the blue skies to-day if we fade and die to-morrow, than to be shut out from the glories of June like the poet."

It is hard to have to look at happiness through another's eyes. The little crippled thrush had the instinct of flight within him, just as he had the beautiful gift of song in his tiny soul, and each day he watched his brothers with wistful eyes as they circled farther and farther above him. They came back to the nest at night weary enough, but they brought wonderful tales of the sights and scenes of the outer world.

"It is a million times greater than this nest," they cried, as they crowded under the mother's wing. "It ends in a broad river as blue as the sky."

"That is the fish's sky," the mother said. "They breathe the water and sail through it, as you sail through the air on your wings. Strange trees and plants grow beneath the water which drop pearly shells for blossoms. The little fish hide in the branches of the trees as you played at hide-and-seek in the great oak to-day. Oh, it is a wonderful world!"

The thrush heard all this, and chirped the single plaintive note he had learned in the silence and loneliness of the deserted nest. It caught the ear of the poet, and thrilled him strangely, as if his own sorrow had found a voice, and was speaking to him through the fragrant dusk. He told the people what it said, and they marvelled at the sadness of the message. "It is his best song," they cried, but they did not know that its supremest touch of grief and longing was an echo of the poor bird's note.

That night the thrush, safely folded under his mother's wing, had a wonderful dream. He dreamed that he could fly. The tender blue of the sky deepened and brightened in the beams of the morning sun, and with a glad song the little bird sprang up toward the zenith, as a humming-bird darts into the calyx of a freshly opened flower. Ah, the rapture of that dream! Far beneath him his sober-hued brothers seemed to drift like brown motes in the dazzling sunlight. Strong-winged birds brushed by him, bringing strange odors from spicy islands, and the keen breath of the sea. Streams glistened like silver threads in the web of fields and forest below him, and far off, against the rim of the sky, lay the great blue river, in which his brothers had said the world ended. He knew then that he should see the fish sailing through the shining water, and the curious trees with shells for blossoms. He gathered himself for a last eager effort, and, oh, joy! his wing had touched the cool surface of the water, when he awoke.

The nest was empty. The friendly night, out of which had blossomed this happy dream, was gone, and the little bird knew that his mother and brothers had gone with it, not to return. But the ecstasy of the dream-flight was upon him. Crippled and deserted, helpless as a leaf on the wind, or a blossom crushed into the mould by a careless foot, he raised his head and poured forth a song so rapturous, so ravishingly sweet, that the very leaves of the trees seemed to thrill in sympathy with the joyful notes.

The poet was walking with bent head along the woodland path, wrapped in melancholy musings. He had reached the humble nest, and paused a moment, when upspringing from the leafy covert came a strain as if joy itself were besieging the gates of morning. "Even the birds mock my sadness," he thought, and a brother poet's words recurred to him:

"Yet not the less in God's sweet air
My little birds sing free of care,
And hawthorn blossoms everywhere.

"And all the while, in some still place,
Where intertwining boughs embrace,
The blackbirds build, time flies apace.

"Lo, where the leaning alders part,
White-bosomed swallows, blithe of heart,
Above still waters skim and dart.

"The white moon-daisies star the grass,
The lengthening shadows o'er them pass:
The meadow pool is still as glass.

"While in the peaceful fields the sheep
Feed, quiet; and through heaven's blue deep
The silent cloud-wings stainless sweep."

"One must have eyes to paint that picture," he said to himself, bitterly. "As well expect a blind poet to write such verse as that a crippled bird, who has never known the joys of flight, should match the ecstasy of the song just ended."

There was a rustling in the grass at his feet. He stooped and picked up the little wood-thrush, whose tiny body yet quivered with the exultant passion of its song. Gently he passed his hand over the crippled wing. His practised fingers felt out the trouble, and divined that the bird had never used his wings for flight. It lay quite still, as if it was even then under the spell of that wondrous dream.

"Poor tiny bird!" the poet said, tenderly. "An empty nest, a crippled wing, and yet a song of faith and joy! What other lessons will you teach me! Hereafter we will sing glad songs together; you to me, I to the world!" MARY WAKEMAN BOTSFORD.

GOOD-BYE!

THIS is a sad word when taking leave of the beloved but when Hostetter's Stomach Bitters enables us to say it to an attack of liver complaint, it is by no means sad, but decidedly jolly. Similarly, if the great tonic alterative relieves from dyspepsia or kidney trouble we experience joy. Malaria, rheumatism, and neuralgia are also tenants which this remedy dispossesses.—[*Adv.*]

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WHEN baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
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THE CITY OF TACOMA.

BY WILLIAM WILLARD HOWARD.

THE way of building an American city has changed. The pioneer no longer makes an humble beginning in the wilderness, and waits for the slothful march of civilization. The history of America is full of that sort of thing, but at best it was a rather slow and old-fashioned way, and oftentimes it was altogether too uncertain to be comfortable. In most cases the hopeful pioneer grew gray and died before the march of civilization reached his neighborhood, and sometimes it never reached there at all. The unwritten history of America would be full of that sort of thing, too, if anybody cared enough about it to hunt it up. The modern pioneer does things differently. Instead of going off into the wilderness by himself and wasting the best years of his life waiting for the march of civilization, which too often never comes, he gets behind the march of civilization and pushes at it with all his strength until he gets it into his chosen spot. Then he sells his town lots, and lives like a prince ever afterward.

Here is the city of Tacoma, one of the very latest creations of the modern pioneer. The peculiar advantages of its site have been known ever since Puget Sound was discovered, and yet the march of civilization would not be there now if the modern pioneer had not pushed it to the head of Commencement Bay and left it there. He could not very well have pushed it farther, because Tacoma is absolutely the last trench of the march of empire. In Tacoma there is no West.

The pioneer in this case was the Northern Pacific Railroad. There came a time in the construction of this great steel thoroughfare when a definite limit had to be placed upon its westward progress — when some spot should be picked out and called the end of the road. The managers of the road picked out the head of Commencement Bay, and put it down on their maps as Tacoma, the western terminus of the Northern Pacific Railroad. There was a sort of saw-mill community at Tacoma at that time, but the able-bodied men in it would hardly have made a corporal's guard; and when it heard that it was to become one of the important cities of the American continent it simply gasped in awe and wonder. When it had done gasping it set to work buying town lots. In this instance, as in many others that have come under my notice in the West, it was found that the railroad company, or persons intimately connected with it, had secured about all the town lots that were worth securing at that time; but this circumstance was what eventually gave the place its rise in life. The men who had bought the town site had plenty of money, and what was a great deal better for the future of the town, they had the sense and liberality to use it properly. Broad business streets and wide residence avenues were laid out among the stumps and underbrush, and many thousands of dollars were spent in getting them in good shape for the coming city. Men who buy town lots for mere speculative purposes rarely do that sort of thing. They prefer to wait until some one else has made the improvements before taking a conspicuous part in public matters.

After these premonitory symptoms of new life Tacoma passed through a wretched period of doubt and suspense. There was some delay about the railroad. The Cascade Mountains had risen up in front of it and turned it south, so that it was forced to seek the Pacific coast by way of the Columbia River and Portland, Oregon. This was a sad blow to the sudden hopes of Tacoma, and many persons grew tired of holding town lots for a rise. It was in 1873 that the Commencement Bay site was chosen as the terminus of the railroad, but it was not until 1888 that the railroad overcame the Cascades and came into Tacoma by the direct route. Between 1873 and 1888 was a very long time to people who had Western ideas of building a city, and in all that time the place had gathered together about 9000 inhabitants, most of whom had come in to settle when the line over the Cascades was pretty nearly completed. It was not until the arrival of the direct line of railroad that the young city awoke to a sense of its possibilities, and then it bestirred itself with a suddenness that caused other people to wonder what had broken loose on Puget Sound.

People besieged the railroads, the west coast steamships, and even the wagon roads, in a spontaneous movement toward Puget Sound in general and the city of Tacoma in particular. The East seemed to have become aware of Tacoma's existence for the first time, and there was apparently a simultaneous desire among all kinds of people to buy town lots and to take a hand in real-estate speculation generally. There could be only one result. Tacoma grew as few cities of the world have grown. The stumps disappeared from the hill-side, and houses stood in their places. Mills, factories, warehouses, railway yards, and elevators began to fill up the low ground at the water's edge, and stores, shops, and offices multiplied in the business streets. Two years of this sort of thing made a wonderful change in Tacoma. The census last June gave the city a population of 40,165. The census of 1880 showed a population of 720. Here is an increase of 5,500 per cent. in ten years.

There was good reason for all this. While the city was growing at such a tremendous rate, and while people were falling over one another in the frantic effort to get rich in real-estate transactions, a large number of very shrewd men were spending a great deal of good money in the neighborhood of Puget Sound. Most of them were buying timber lands, and others were getting control of coal beds, iron mines, and such things. Men came all the way from Pennsylvania, Michigan, and Maine to get a chance to buy Washington timber; and they were men, too, who knew what they were about. Many of them were experts in lumber matters, and they knew a good thing when they saw it. They did not buy for the sake of selling out again the next day; on the contrary, they bought for the purpose of building mills and sawing lumber for market. Most of them cared nothing for the real-estate excitement in the city of Tacoma, although some of them bought property there for the purposes of their business; all that they sought was a place where their money might be invested so that it would come back to them some day quadrupled in quantity. The rapidity with which the timber land of Washington was bought up by Eastern investors showed that this was the place that the lumbermen had been looking for ever since Pennsylvania and Michigan had given up their stores of pine. There is said to be enough marketable timber in Washington to supply the American demand for many generations to come, and yet most of it has already passed into the hands of men who mean to build saw-mills and look for new markets. The greater part of the lumber now being cut is used on the Pacific coast, and some of it goes down the coast as far as Chili and other South American countries. For the past two years a great deal of lumber has been used in the city of Tacoma in the construction of buildings, but when the rush of building becomes a trifle sluggish, as it must eventually, the mills will be compelled to find markets elsewhere. At the present price of lumber and the present rate of freight they can hardly hope to reach the Eastern markets, although some of the shingle-mills send red cedar shingles to St. Paul and other Western cities. It would seem, therefore, that the natural outlet for the Washington lumber would be the western coast of North and South America, and possibly, for manufactured stuff, China and Japan. One would think that there were enough mills in the city of Tacoma now to supply all those markets, and many yet to be created. There are at present about fifteen mills, which have a total capacity of more than a million feet of sawed lumber per day. That means three hundred millions a year; and yet the Tacoma man will unhesitatingly say that the timber of the State of Washington cannot be cut in a hundred years. The timber belt is estimated to contain one hundred and seventy-five billion feet of saleable stuff. The area of timber land is asserted to be equal to the entire State of Iowa. This immense stretch of forest land is covered by fir and cedar trees, some of which grow to a height of two hundred and fifty feet.

Persons unacquainted with the facts would naturally suppose that this remarkable extent of timber lands covered about all of the State of Washington, but as a matter of fact the timber covers only the western part of the State, from the Cascade Mountains to the Pacific Ocean. The great stretches of land lying east of the Cascades contain limitless possibilities in the way of stock-raising and agriculture, to say nothing of such diversified industries as fruit-raising and coal-digging, hop-growing and silver-mining. To persons who are more familiar with the latest discoveries in central Africa than with the topography of the Pacific Northwest it may be well to say that the State of Washington is by nature divided into two parts by the Cascade Mountains, which extend north and south parallel with the Pacific Ocean. The western half is the portion covered by timber. Its chief natural feature is Puget Sound, which has not inappropriately been called the Mediterranean of America. The sound comes down through the middle of the timber region to a point about half way between the Oregon line and British Columbia. At the head of the sound stands Tacoma, which is thus in about the middle of what is known as western Washington. The eastern half of the State contains the great Columbia River Valley and the broad plains beyond. This is properly the agricultural part of the State, although the western half will be found to be wonderfully productive when the timber has been removed.

The natural outlet for the products of western Washington is Puget Sound, because the sound is the central figure of the country itself. Ocean-going steamships and sailing vessels of the largest size can land at almost all of the ports on the sound. The obvious outlet for the products of eastern Washington is the railroads. At present the only transcontinental line crossing Washington is the Northern Pacific. It handles most of the products of eastern Washington. The western terminus of this railroad is at Tacoma. The head of navigation on Puget Sound is also at Tacoma. The observing man can draw his own conclusions; the people of Tacoma have drawn theirs.

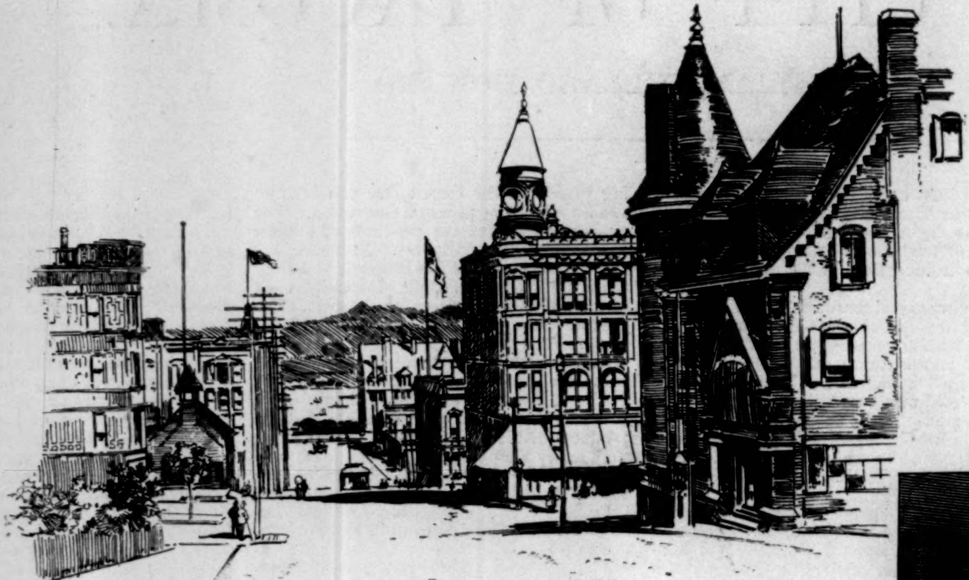
It is in the natural order of things that the products of the soil, the mine, the mill, and the factory should seek the nearest market, if for no other reason than that the distant market is less secure to the producer than the near market. Tacoma is the nearest market for a large part of western Washington, and also for the west-bound products of eastern Washington. The wheat grown in eastern Washington comes to Tacoma not only by these natural laws of trade, but also because here is the terminus of the railroad; the other products of the soil and the mine come to Tacoma for the same reason, and the timber comes to be sawed because the transportation of logs to Commencement Bay is quick and easy, either by water or by rail. To properly appreciate Tacoma's advantages it should be borne in mind that the State of Washington is 360 miles long from east to west, and 249 miles wide from north to south. The peculiar way in which Puget Sound bisects the western half of this great stretch of country places Tacoma practically in the commercial centre of the State, and yet Tacoma is a seaport town which has its lines of ocean-going steamships and its fleets of sailing vessels. What the people of Tacoma are trying to do is to concentrate at Tacoma the sale and shipment of Washington products. The one item of wheat alone would make Tacoma a great city, for the quantity of wheat that can be grown in eastern Washington is wellnigh beyond calculation. People of the cold and churlish New England soil or the worn-out lands of the Middle States still refuse to believe that one hundred bushels of wheat can be grown on one acre of land. They are not to be blamed, because, in their experience, a crop that will run twenty bushels to the acre is a pretty good crop; yet, at the recent exposition at Spokane Falls, a proud farmer exhibited one hundred and one bushels of wheat that had been grown on one acre of land. This is by no means an average yield, but is rather an exception which shows what is within the range of possibility in the Pacific Northwest. It is claimed, however, that the average of the harvest of 1890 in the southeastern counties of Washington was about fifty bushels per acre, the larger yields making up this average running as high as sixty-five and seventy bushels per acre. This was in the Walla Walla country, which is the oldest agricultural region in the State. The Big Bend country, which has been more recently opened to settlement, claims an average for 1890 of fifty bushels per acre. Good corn can be grown in these districts, but at present wheat takes precedence as a profit-making crop. To farmers of other parts of the American continent these averages seem to be enormously large, and in truth they are; but it should be borne in mind that this is the first prodigal harvests of a new soil.

Most of this wheat is shipped to Tacoma to be sent to foreign markets, although a large quantity is ground at Tacoma mills for local demand. In the course of time Tacoma will naturally become a flour-making point as well as a wheat-shipping port, and in that event the future prosperity of the city will be made doubly sure. A substantial beginning in this direction has already been made. The milling capacity is now about 1400 barrels per day, which will soon be doubled by new mills. The flour-mills will have the advantage of cheap fuel, which is always an important factor in the building of a large milling centre. An almost inexhaustible supply of coal lies within twenty miles of the city, and as it goes to Tacoma on the down grade, it establishes the question of cheap fuel for all time to come.

The nearness of cheap fuel will work to Tacoma's advantage in other ways, and noticeably in the manufactures of iron, for there are within ninety miles of the city great deposits of excellent iron ore. The production of coke has already been begun at the coal fields. The quality of the coke is said to be very good. The abundance of this coking coal has already set in motion in Tacoma a gold and silver smelter, which promises to give the city some importance as a financial centre. At present most of the ores sent to the smelter are mined in the Cœur d'Alene mining district, but in time the mines of Alaska will add materially to the smelter's output. This means trade for the Tacoma merchant, for the miner naturally makes his purchases of supplies in the town that buys his ores. That Alaska is believed to be enormously rich in precious minerals is shown by the large number of experienced miners who are constantly going there to try their fortunes.

To turn from the smelting of silver to the question of hop-raising is something of a jump, even to the elastic comprehension of the West, yet it is only one of the many eccentricities of nature in the Pacific Northwest, where nothing seems to be impossible. It may be said with entire justice, I think, that hop-raising was the pioneer industry of Puget Sound, although the manufacture of lumber may lay some claim to that distinction. The growing of hops began in the Puyallup Valley as long ago as 1864. It was a small beginning, but it held its own and grew slowly, until the excellence of Washington hops was pretty well established. After that the hop business had a boom, as they say in the West, and it is still growing, with a yearly output of nearly two million dollars' worth. The soil of the Puget Sound region is peculiarly adapted to hop-culture, and the long seasons are favorable to the drying and curing of harvested hops. The Tacoma product has a strong hold on the London market.

The soil that is favorable to the growing of hops is rich enough for almost anything else, which is fully shown in the variety and excellence of other things that thrive in the new State. The people assert that they can raise better fruit than California can, and more of it, with the exception of oranges and lemons and other tropical fruits. As the State is new and undeveloped, the agricultural possibilities are as yet hardly appreciated. The climate is unusually well adapted to fruit-culture, and, in fact, to the growing of all manner of grains, vegetables, and grasses. The winters are mild and equable, with a temperature something like that of Tennessee. The summers are long and cool. In winter-time one would naturally expect to find at Tacoma the climate of the arctic circle, but the geographical position is here at fault, at least so far as practical results are concerned. Were there no such thing as the warm current of Japan beating against the Pacific coast, the chief winter feature of Tacoma would be its ice palace; but the warm winds of the Pacific have more influence than the cold of the North, and as a result, Tacoma has a great deal more rain than snow. She may have a great deal more rain in the winter season than she wants, but that is one of the thorns in her climatic rose. There is plenty of rain in Tacoma, but there is much more in Sitka, Alaska, which is said to be the rainiest city in the world. Much of the rain in Tacoma is little more than a sort of Scotch mist, and people get accustomed to that sort of thing in time. The Tacoma people say that the rainy season is not unpleasant, while, on the other hand, they assert that their summer season is the most delightful in the known world. There is some show of reason for this rather sweeping assertion. The city is far enough north to be cool in summer, especially at night, and it is sufficiently under the influence of the mild Pacific climate to have plenty of brightness and sunshine for months at a time. The people of Tacoma may not have a perfect climate, and probably do not, but they come much nearer to it than most of us on this North American continent. In Tacoma, however, climate is not made a marketable commodity at so much per front foot. The people are too busy with other things to boom the price of climate. When the resources of Washington are exhausted they may go into the business of selling climate, but that contingency at present seems to be too remote to be considered. When one takes into account the almost endless variety and boundless extent of the natural resources of the State and its tributary neighbors, the wonder is not that people should take hold and make a lot of money in a ridiculously short time, but that they would be able to make choice of something to begin on. That man is indeed fortunate who is not bewildered by the variety of choice. These things are keenly appreciated by the people of Tacoma, and, what is better, they are wise enough to see that the best thing that they can do is to develop the natural resources of the State as thoroughly as possible. Speculating in town lots is all very well in its way, but it does not help the State, and what does not help the State cannot help the town. In my observation among American cities I have found that real-estate booms have invariably done more harm than good. It would be an easy matter to point out cases where corn fields outside of the legitimate line of development are held by people who bought them at the rate of $300 a lot. I am glad to see that the Tacoma Chamber of Commerce, which is the natural leader in such matters, is guided by the right ideas of building a great city. The secretary, Mr. C. A. Snowden, says: "We are going on the theory that if we can get the State settled, this city will be able to hold its own. We believe that Tacoma is certain to be the metropolis of this enormously rich State, and that what we have got to do now is to get the State devel-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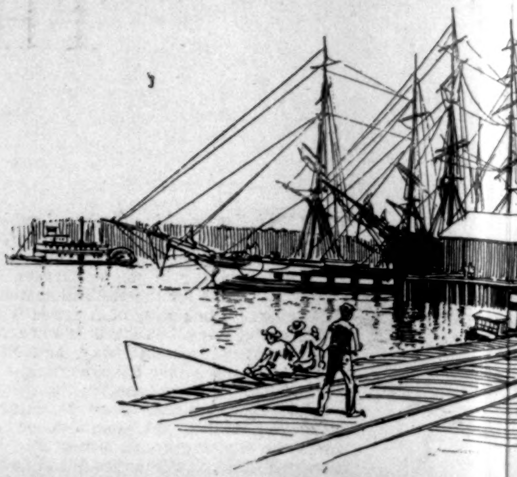

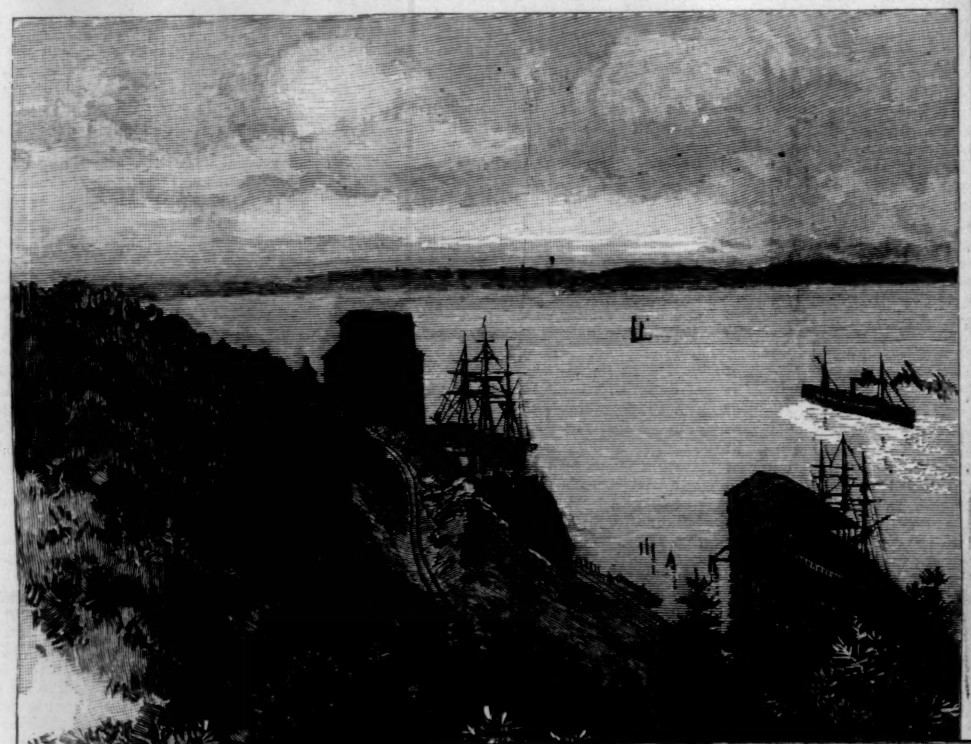
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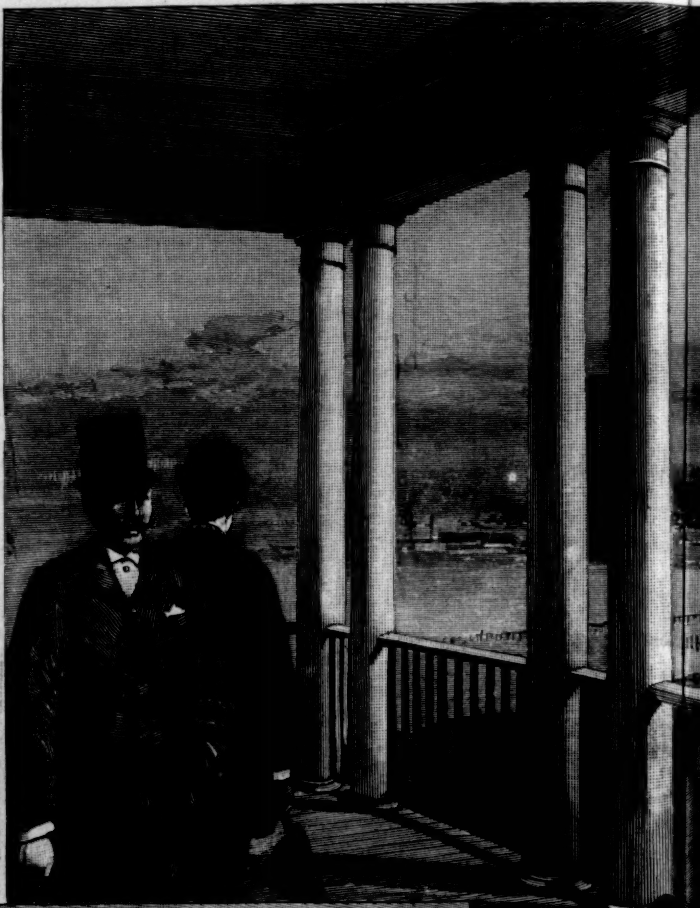
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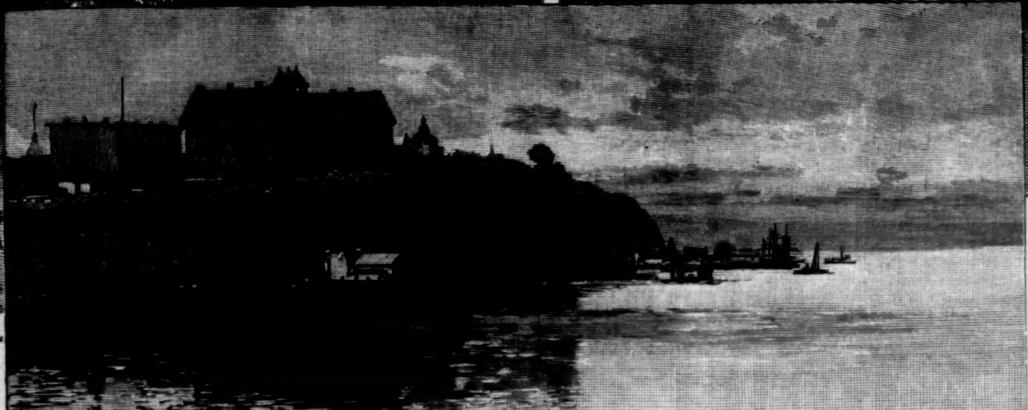
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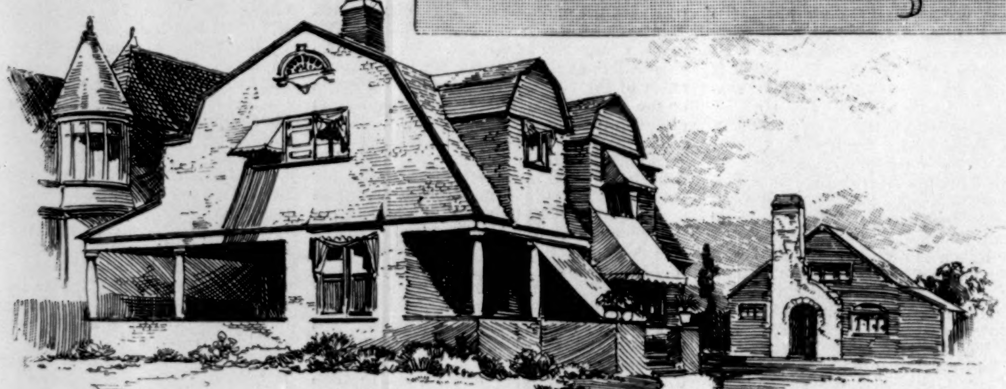
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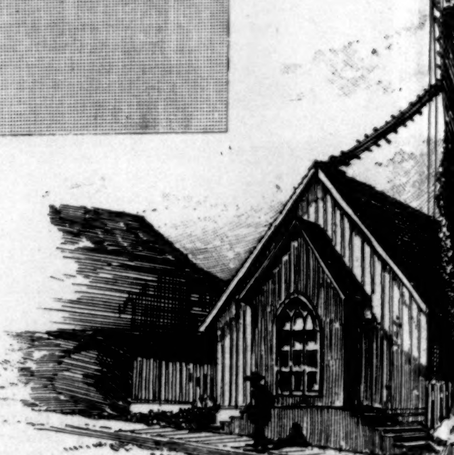
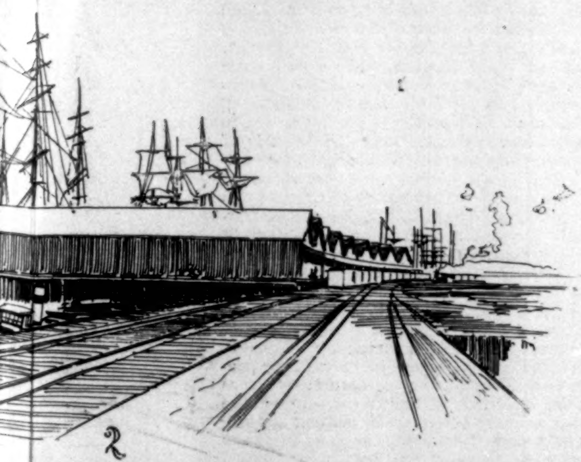
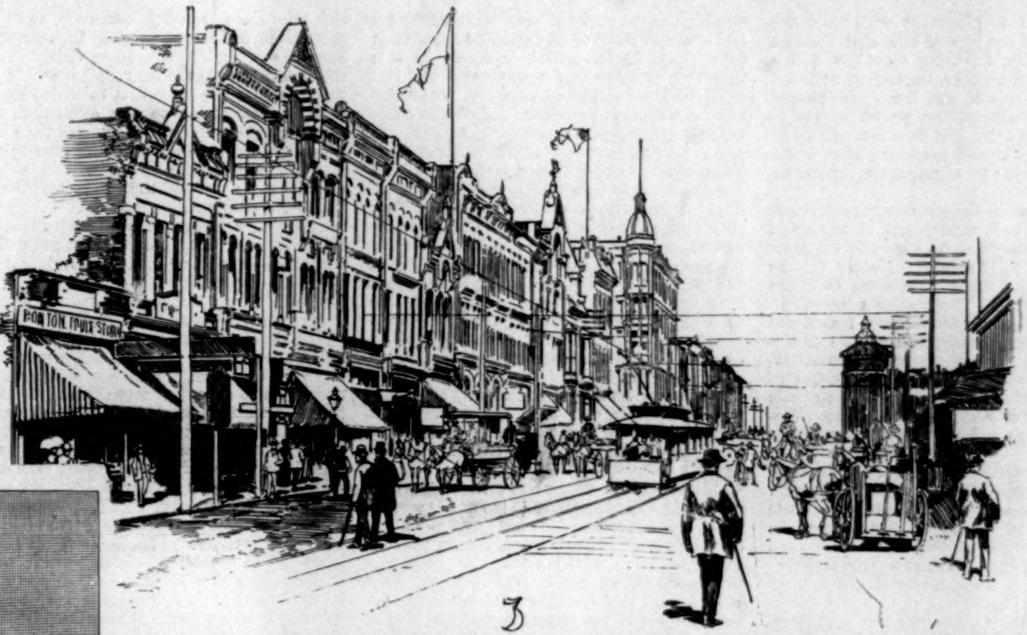
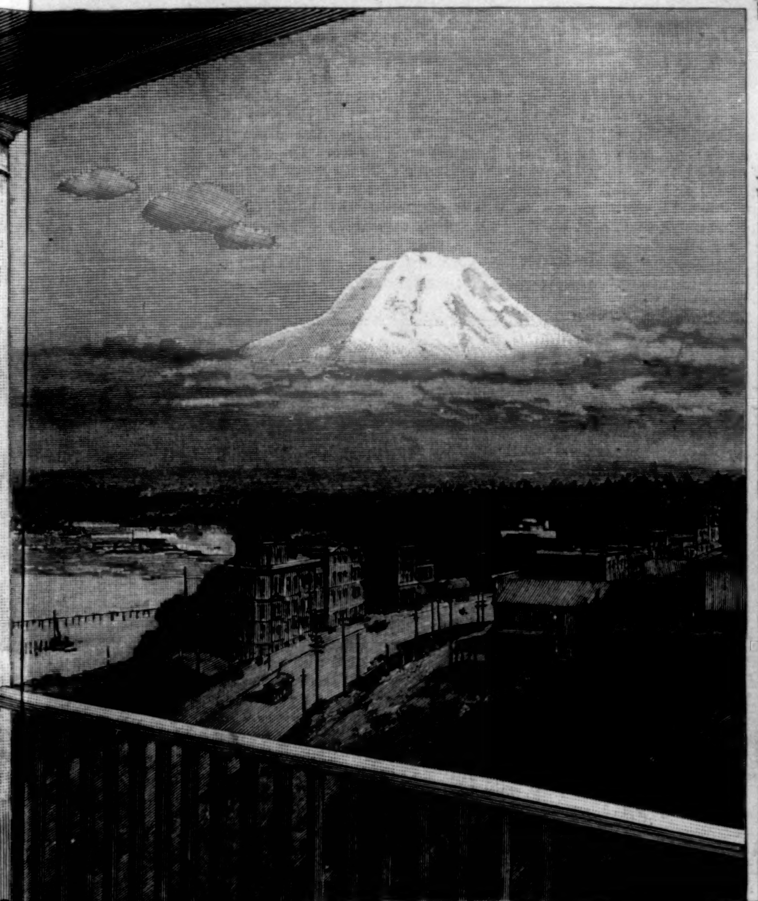


THE CITY OF TACOMA AND ITS

1. A Bit of Ninth Street. 2. Wheat Warehouses. 3. Pacific Avenue. 4. Elevator and Coal-Bunkers. 5. A View from Railroad Bridge. 6. Mount Tacoma, from Ve







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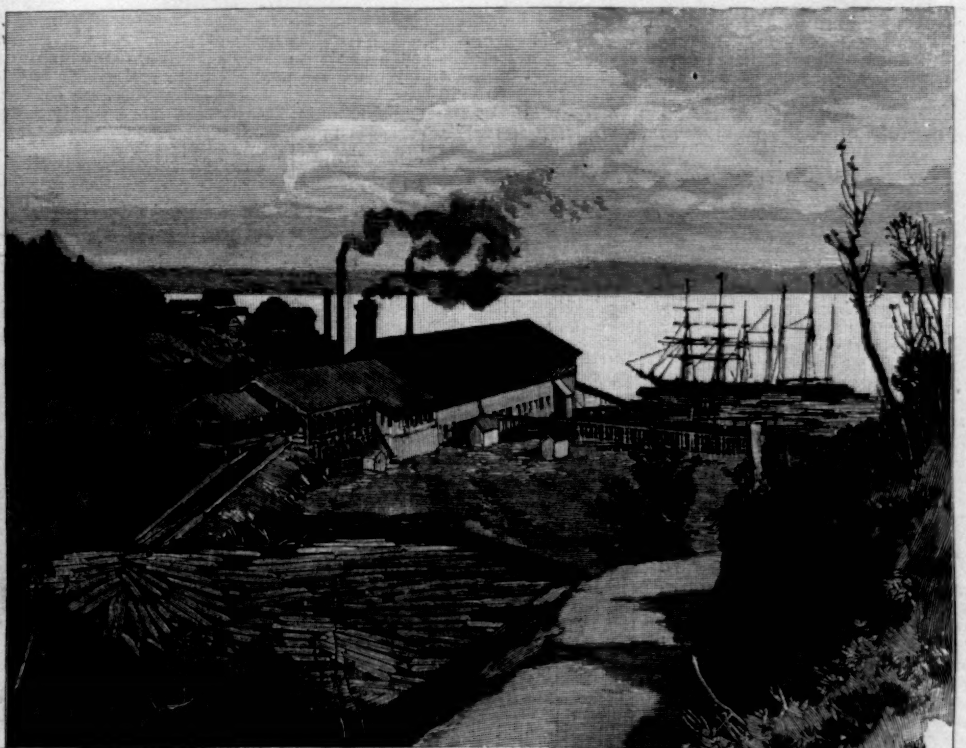

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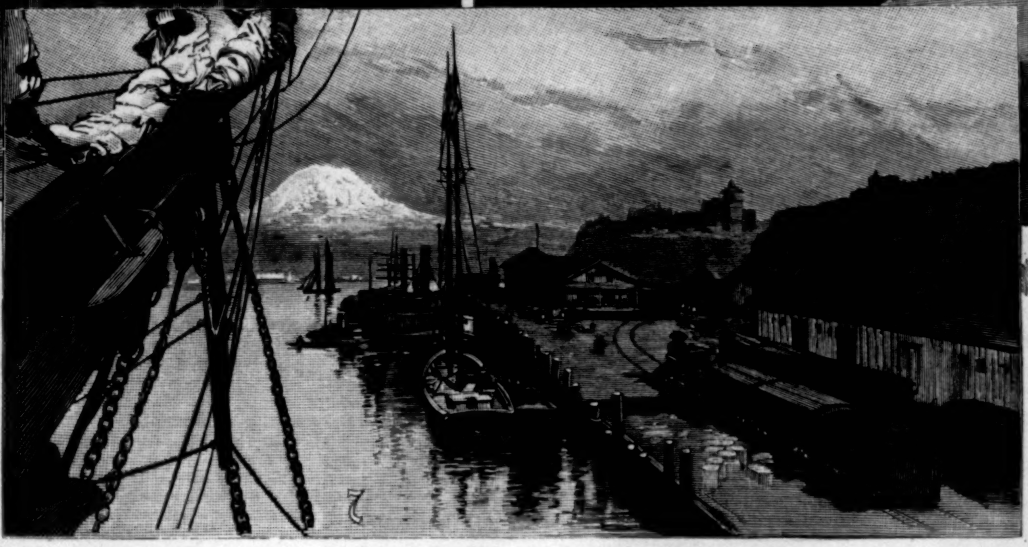

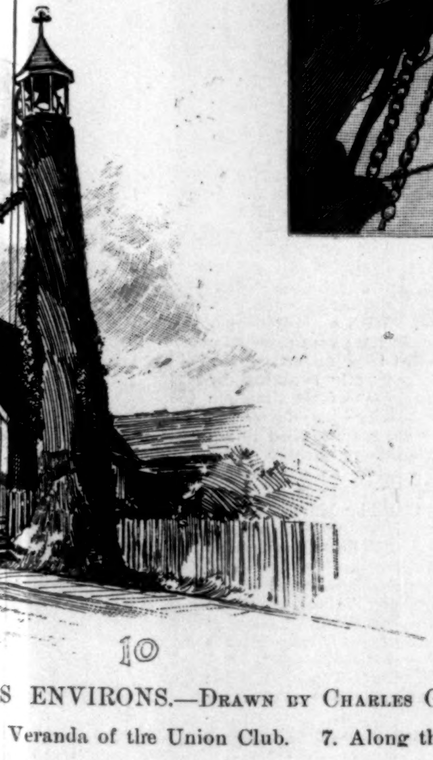

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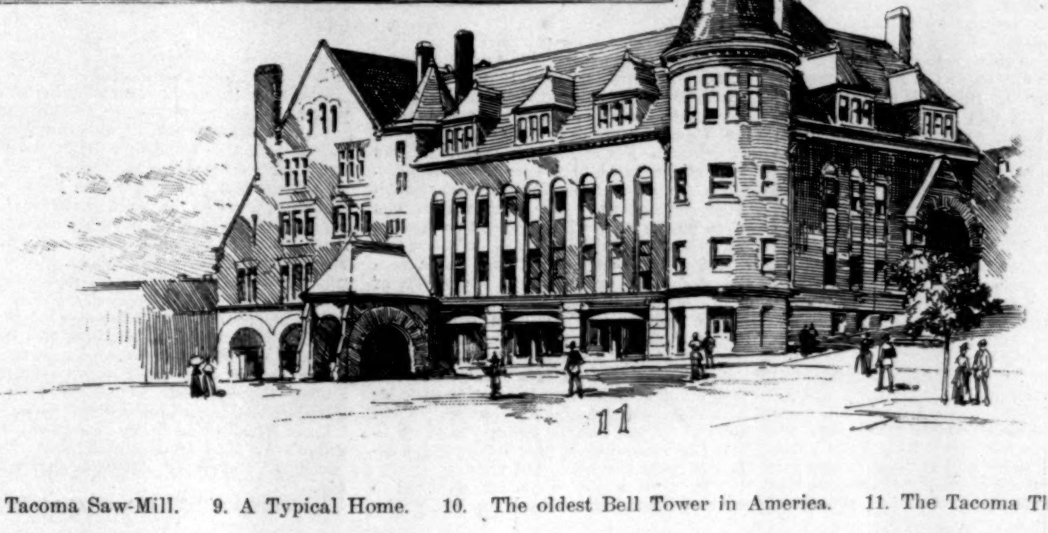


11

S ENVIRONS.—DRAWN BY CHARLES GRAHAM.

Veranda of the Union Club. 7. Along the Wharves. 8. A Tacoma Saw-Mill. 9. A Typical Home. 10. The oldest Bell Tower in America. 11. The Tacoma Theatre.

oped, and that development will build the city." This is the sort of talk that Tacoma needs more than anything else; and it is a talk, too, that should be backed by substantial deeds. Tacoma and her Puget Sound neighbors are almost too young as yet to point to things done, but they can call attention to things that they are now doing, which will be something of a guarantee for the future.

Any one can see the advantage of developing the State, and incidentally of the effect that such development will have on the price of town lots in Tacoma. Nearly all the products of the State must come to Puget Sound to market. This means a lively carrying trade, not only by railway trains, but by ocean-going vessels; and at the points where the two come most advantageously together there will be the largest centres of population. Already the ocean-carrying trade has become of respectable proportions. Vessels now load at Tacoma for nearly all parts of the world. The trade in tea from Japan has grown so rapidly that entire ship-loads of tea are now received at the Tacoma wharves. An effort is being made to foster this trade to the extent of making Tacoma one of the chief tea ports of the United States. I see no reason why it should not be successful.

There are so many material possibilities within Tacoma's reach, and so many different kinds of resources to take into consideration, that in treating of them as a whole one hardly knows where to begin or when to leave off. The lapse of time and the development of the State will set all these things straight, so that the close of the next decade will tell us more about Tacoma than we can prophesy now. The people themselves have a faith in the future that is apparently as steadfast as the rocks of the Olympian range, and it would seem to be impossible that such faith could be misplaced, especially as it is upheld by energy that would carve out fortunes from a waterless desert. What pleases and oftentimes surprises the Eastern traveller is the matter-of-fact way in which these Tacoma people have set out to build a city. They take so many things for granted, that one cannot help believing in them if he tried. They build private houses that would be a credit to Eastern cities of double the size; and as an apparent part of their methodical proceeding, they go about their social duties as though they had been living in the place for a quarter of a century. The social side of a city is often a test of the faith of its people. I could point out pretentious cities on the North American continent where very many good folk do not go into society, because they do not expect the city to outlast the social year, and they are unwilling to form social relations that may at any moment be dissolved by the collapse of the town.

"It may seem strange to an Eastern person," said a Western lady to me not long ago, "but it is a fact that I do not know my next-door neighbor. They are very good people, too, I am told; but I cannot think of beginning a social existence here until my husband is sure that the town will last, and that the people will stay here. Meanwhile I have only my husband and my pony for company. Instead of social calls and such things, I have long rides in the country, and I really know the rocks and bushes and hills for miles around much better than I know the parlors of my neighbors' houses."

There is little of this sort of thing in Tacoma. The ladies have established their social conditions as comprehensively as in the older East, and to some extent the men have done the same. The Eastern visitor to Tacoma will find hardly any difference in the social atmosphere from that to which he has been accustomed, with the exception, perhaps, that the conversation is more than likely to have for its chief topic the growth and glory of the Pacific Northwest. I should think that, in view of the attending circumstances, this might be pardoned. When one considers the process of Tacoma's growth—which is, after all, more of an impulse than a process—it is by no means strange that the materials for a social condition should be profusely abundant; yet the wonder is that these people should have time for society out of the hurly-burly of their high-pressure civilization. They probably think more rapidly than their Eastern friends, and certainly they seem to act much more quickly. Their mental process is something of the nature of the instantaneous shutter of a photographic lens. It will make a decision like a snapshot if occasion demands, or it will take plenty of time to it if there is anything to be gained by deliberation. This is peculiarly a Western attribute, which is caused chiefly by circumstances. The Eastern man gets it when his mental faculties become acclimated. Mental acclimation oftentimes costs a lot of money. It is less expensive in Tacoma than in many places, mainly because there are not enough old settlers in the place to make themselves felt. It is usually the old settler of a town who makes the new inhabitant's education unduly expensive. The defective moral quality of being a stranger is something that the old settler instinctively resents, and he early seeks opportunity to "take down" the stranger by all the financial cunning that he can bring to bear. There is altogether too much of this sort of thing in the West, and presumably in the Northwest, although many Eastern places would stand convicted on the same charge. It is more reprehensible in the West than in the East, because most Eastern towns are not trying to attract new citizens, while the West is of necessity seeking new people and new capital. In Tacoma, however, the overwhelming preponderance of utter strangers makes this sort of thing difficult, although the most charitably disposed person could not say that it did not exist. Tacoma will do well to carefully preserve her present enviable reputation for fair dealing and commercial honesty.

I have every reason to believe that in course of time Tacoma will become one of the great trade centres of the United States. The future rests quite as much with the people themselves as with the natural resources of the State, and if they want four or five times as many houses on the sloping hill-side as they have there now, they must expect to create the necessity for them. The natural location is in itself an incentive to the building of fine houses, as the views from it can hardly be surpassed in the Puget Sound region. The dominating feature of the landscape all about is the white bulk of Mount Tacoma, which rises into the southeastern sky from the wooded steeps of the distant Cascades. It is not the highest mountain in the United States, nor is its ascent a matter of more than ordinary difficulty, yet here in Tacoma a good view of its massive white crown is worth something in actual cash. Town lots having a view of the mountain sell for more money in open market than those which look out upon the less picturesque country roundabout.

THE PARIS THÉÂTRE LIBRE.

BY A. C. TOWNSEND.

WITHIN the past few days an announcement has gone the rounds of the daily press to the effect that certain of the leading members of Boston society have determined to establish in that city an institution founded upon the broad lines of the French Théâtre Libre. Following as it does upon the heels of a similar announcement from London, the news is at least calculated to provoke more or less interest as to the history, aims, and general doings of the original scheme upon which the imitation is based. To start with, it is somewhat unfortunate that the title *Théâtre Libre* will not admit of exact translation. "Free Theatre," the literal translation, hardly expresses what is meant to be conveyed, for that, in our English-speaking tongue, would more or less imply a house where dramatic entertainment is furnished to the public or to a privileged audience free of any cost of admittance. Such is by no means the end for which the Théâtre Libre was established, or which its later imitators have in view. It is the object of this article to give a clear and precise account of the exact conditions under which a handful of young Parisian enthusiasts founded what is now an institution of world-wide celebrity, and one which has already been duplicated in more than one European city, and is now likely to find a home among our own people and surroundings. In Berlin the imitation actually exists under the title of the *Freie Bühne*, and a select circle of the dramatic world of London are at present busily engaged upon formulating a scheme with the same objects in view as those possessed by the founders of the Théâtre Libre in Paris.

The French, or, to speak more precisely, the Parisian, Théâtre Libre is in itself the outcome of a very recent movement. Its existence is due to the individual efforts of one man, and a man, too, of no special prominence in dramatic, literary, or artistic circles, but simply a young clerk, engaged at a small monthly salary in the offices of a certain gas company in the French capital. His name is André Antoine, and his age even now is but thirty-three, he having been born at Limoges in 1858. Like many another toiler on the "three-legged stool," at a very early age he became stage-struck, and yearned to change the desk and ledger for the sock and buskin. Fate, however, seemed against him; his circumstances compelled him to earn a living as he went, and an attempt to gain admission to the dramatic classes of the Paris Conservatoire was unsuccessful. His determination, notwithstanding this failure, still remained obstinately firm; nor was a long absence from the capital able to weaken it. Antoine was called away to serve his compulsory four years in the army, but returned to Paris and his office desk even more stage-struck than before. His first step was to join the Cercle Gaulois, a small bohemian club of dramatic tendencies, whose members were in the habit of giving once a month a dramatic performance at a small hall called the Élysée des Beaux-Arts, in the suburb of Montmartre. It was in the little theatre which this building contains that on March 30, 1887, the Paris Théâtre Libre first came into practical and actual existence.

At the Cercle Gaulois Antoine had made the acquaintance of certain young dramatic authors, such as Arthur Byl, Jules Vidal, Paul Alexis, and Léon Hennique. These particular names are given for the reason that the programme of the first performance of the Théâtre Libre was made up of pieces from their several pens. Byl was responsible for a short sketch entitled *Un Préfet*, Vidal for a piece called *La Cocarde*. To Alexis belonged the authorship of *Mademoiselle Pomme*, while Hennique had recently enjoyed the doubtful distinction of the refusal, by the management of the Odéon, of his play *Jacques Damour*. The characters in these four pieces were allotted to the more dramatically gifted of the club's members, and, under the direction and stage management of young Antoine, rehearsals were held in a small room in the Rue de Maistre, hired for that purpose for the not extravagant sum of two francs a night. Even this outlay, small as it was, was a consideration to the slim purses of the young Thespians, and indeed it was found impossible to give the actual presentation until Antoine's monthly salary day came round. Out of his modest stipend, with the addition of a few francs subscribed by his brother enthusiasts, the rental of the little hall and the other incidental expenses, including costumes and properties, were paid.

When the night of the performance arrived, the hall was filled with an audience composed, for the most part, of friends of the amateurs, but including several literary men of prominence, a few theatrical managers, and one or two critics connected with the leading journals. Though the whole performance was a genuine success, the chief honors of the evening fell to Hennique's play, *Jacques Damour*. So pronounced was the effect it produced upon the more critical portion of the audience, that the manager of the Odéon, the very man who had previously refused it, sought out the author, acknowledged his error, and asked for the option of purchasing the play. The success of the new undertaking was emphatically expressed in the columns of the next morning's journals. The reason of its existence—to afford young and unknown authors and actors an opportunity of testing their individual merits and capabilities—was pointed out, and congratulations tendered the young enthusiasts for their resolve to render themselves independent of the ultra-conservative and inaccessible Parisian theatres, whether subsidized or not. Strongest and most outspoken of their supporters was Émile Bergerat, the famous critic of the *Figaro*, whose pungent articles are written over the *nom de plume* of "Caliban."

It is not surprising, then, that immediately upon the astonishing success of their first endeavor, Antoine and his fellow-members of the Théâtre Libre determined to repeat the experiment. For this second event two plays were at once put into rehearsal—Oscar Méténier's *En Famille* and the critic Bergerat's *Nuit Bergamesqui*. The performance was given on the night of May 31st, two months after the club's initial attempt, and upon this occasion the success was even more pronounced. The audience was, if possible, of a higher grade than on the memorable evening in March, and included every name among Parisian literary and dramatic circles, unfamiliarity with which would "argue one's self unknown." It is safe to say that Paris that night contained no happier or prouder man than young André Antoine, and this in spite of the fact that the treasury of the Théâtre Libre found itself face to face with a deficit of some few hundred francs.

The season was now too far advanced to admit of another performance being given, but a determination was come to and publicly announced that a series of regular monthly entertainments would be given throughout the ensuing autumn. Subjoined to the announcement was an appeal, especially directed to young littérateurs and artists, for subscriptions to the whole course of eight performances. For a single *fauteuil*, or orchestra seat, the amount fixed upon was one hundred francs, or twenty dollars in our own currency. In addition to this, an appeal was made to the better-known and wealthier members of the literary world, and also to a portion of the Parisian world of fashion, for pecuniary assistance. This latter petition, however, did not produce more than some seven or eight hundred dollars, while of the hundred seat subscriptions asked for but thirty-seven were taken up. Still Antoine's enthusiasm was equal to the emergency. He resigned his clerkship in the gas company's office, and from that day until this has devoted himself entirely to the affairs of the scheme which he originated. His first step was to lease some suitable rooms in the Rue Blanche, where rehearsals might take place and other business of the institution be properly attended to. These rooms are still the headquarters of the Théâtre Libre.

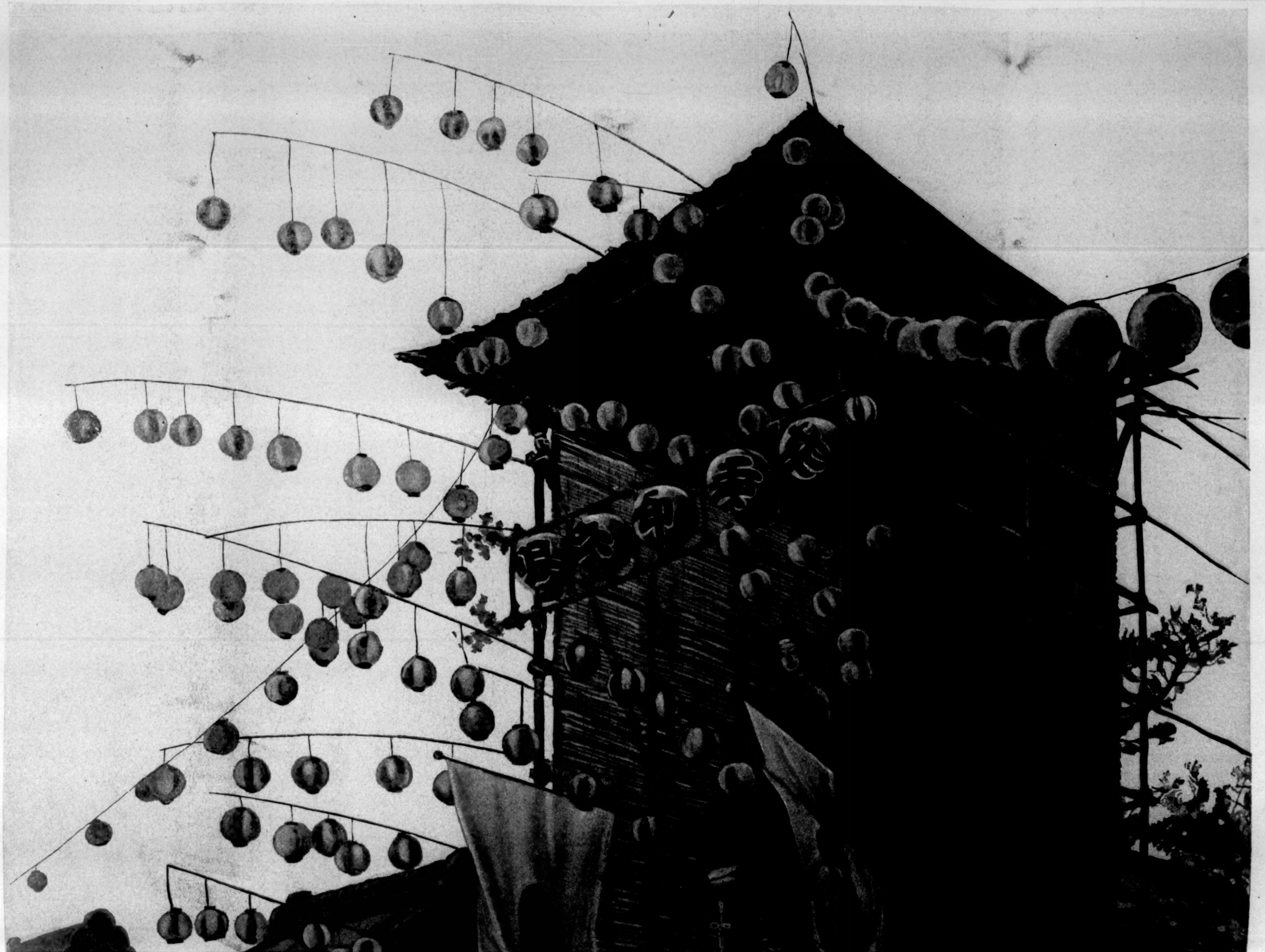
On the evening of November 11, 1887, the play of *Sœur Philomène*, a dramatization by Byl and Vidal of the brothers Goncourt's famous novel, was given at the same little theatre of the Élysée des Beaux-Arts. It was the last performance the birthplace of the Théâtre Libre was to see. So great was the applause, and so emphatic the expression of the audience's approval, that the landlord was seized with fear for the safety and stability of his building, and firmly refused to allow another performance to be given within its walls. Nothing daunted by the action of this exceptionally conscientious landlord, Antoine and his followers immediately migrated to a suburban theatre called the Gaieté Montparnasse, where the remaining performances of the series were given in due order. The whole season was a vast success; its receipts were close upon eleven thousand francs, while the number of regular subscribers had risen to seventy-eight. The chief successes of the season (1887–8) were Hennique's *Esther Brandès; La Femme de Tabarin*, of the poet Catulle Mendès; De Banville's *Le Baiser;* Tolstoï's *Puissance des Ténèbres;* and one of the pantomime performances now so much in vogue—Paul Margueritte's *Pierrot, Assassin de la Femme*. So ended the second year of the sturdy infant the Théâtre Libre.

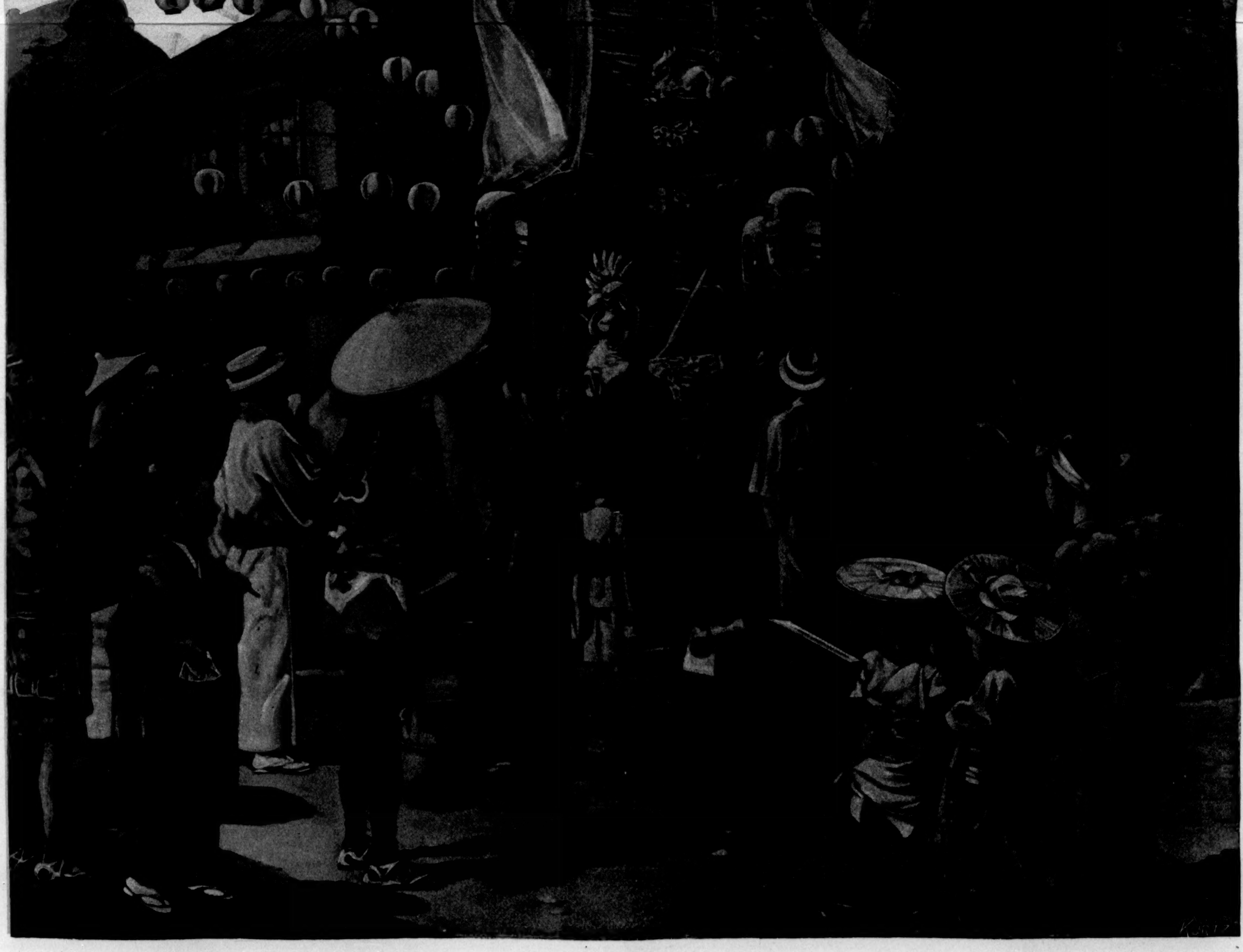
Its third season opened with a subscription list of 250, and a balance to its credit of over thirty-five thousand francs. An arrangement had meanwhile been made with the proprietors of the Minus Plaisirs in the Boulevard de Strasbourg, whereby that house, more conveniently situated than the Gaieté Montparnasse, was placed at the club's disposal for one night in each month. With the funds now at his disposal, Antoine was at last in a position to compensate his associates for their time and services, and to indulge in the necessary outlay for more adequate scenery and accessories. Prominent among the successes of 1888–9 were *La Pattie en Danger*, of the brothers Goncourt; Catulle Mendès's *La Reine Flammette;* Hennique's *La Mort du Duc d'Enghien;* Zola's *Madeleine*, and George Ancey's *Les Irréparables*.

The season of 1889–90 was not marked by any special change in the policy and administration of the Théâtre Libre. Another work of Ancey's, *L'École des Veufs*, met with especial favor, as did *Les Frères Zemganno*, a dramatization of Edmond de Goncourt's book, Jean Jullien's *Le Maître*, and Ibsen's *Revenants*.

During the season which is now just drawing to its close the Théâtre Libre has grown to be regarded as a fixed and permanent institution. Its subscribers have now reached the number of eight hundred, and so great has been the demand for seats at its presentations that it was found necessary to give each performance in duplicate, so as to accommodate the crowds of would-be spectators. For these sixteen performances the subscriptions have amounted to no less than 75,000 francs. It may also be mentioned that during the season of 1888–9 Antoine and his troupe appeared in London in one or two of their chief successes, while last year they visited Brussels for the same purpose. During the present season they have given several performances at the famous Porte Saint-Martin, presenting Boniface's *Tante Léontine* and the prolific Hennique's *Mort du Duc d'Enghien*. While on this point, it is most interesting to note that twenty-three of the plays first produced by the Théâtre Libre during its three years of existence have been accepted by and played at other and regular theatres. Hennique's *Jacques Damour* enjoyed a prosperous run at the Odéon, while Théodore de Banville's *Baiser* has been honored by its inclusion in the repertory of the Comédie Française. The total number of new and original plays produced in these three years has been 125. The works of over sixty authors and composers have been introduced to an intelligent portion of the public, at least one-half of whom were previously unknown even by name. It must not be supposed that this list is composed of writers of mediocre talent, for it includes the names of such men as Ibsen, Tolstoï, Zola, Tourguénief, and Goncourt.

In one respect the Théâtre Libre has been fortunate. Its performances having been strictly private, the purchase of admission at the doors being impossible, and an entrée only to be obtained by subscription or invitation, any supervision by the government censors has been avoided. In the light of recent theatrical happenings in Paris, notably the unaccountable suppression of Sardou's *Thermidor*, the advantage of the immunity is apparent. With a very few exceptions, every part in the pieces played by the Théâtre Libre has been undertaken by amateurs, or, more correctly speaking, by those not actual members of the dramatic profession. André Antoine himself is a most finished and clever actor, unexcelled in his own particular style by any member of the Parisian stage. To quote an experienced and competent critic: "There is no actor, not even the great Coquelin himself, who is his superior in exquisite naturalness; no actor who gives you more delicate impressions of art or a more complete illusion of reality." Of what his ordinary intelligence and his administrative abilities are, the success of the Théâtre Libre is the best proof. Under his guidance it now affords to young authors and actors a chance for the display, or at least for the trial, of such talent and ability as they may possess without the years of weary waiting at the doors of the more conventional and tradition-bound Parisian theatres.





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THE JAPANESE FESTIVAL TO HOKO DASHI.—FROM A DRAWING BY C. D. WELDON.